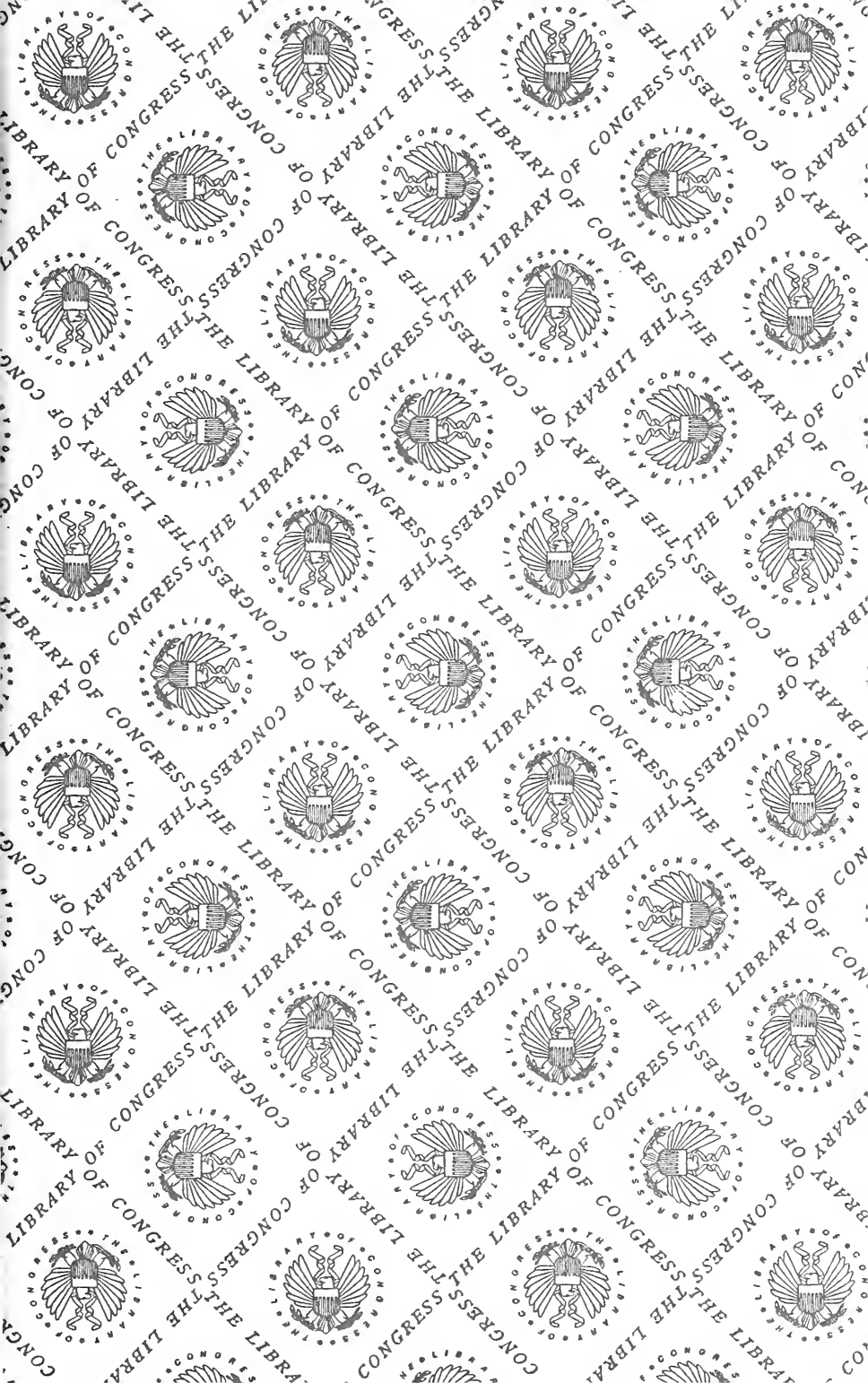


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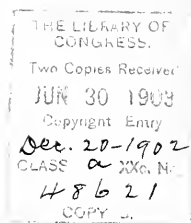
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to issue immediately for  
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# SNOMISH AND SOOSOON

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BY

WILLIAM B FELTS

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The legend is old, yea, the story was told  
By warriors hoar, as an ancient tradition,  
When Lewis and Clark came to proudly unfold  
The Flag of the Free where the Oregon rolled.  
The Red Men, who loved to rehearse it, their mission  
Fulfilled. They are gone. Lo! the conquerors hold  
The empire. The tale has no more repetition.

The cedarn pirogue and the rawhide canoe  
No more split the waves with adventurous prores.  
No more where the towering evergreens strew  
Their shadows in glades where the sun ogles through  
Are gardens rude tilled for precarious stores.  
No more strolls the brave with a maiden to woo  
And win her his wife by remurmuring shores.

One century! presto! what changes are wrought!  
The turbulent steamboat the great river blotches.  
The thunderbolts, yoked in the chariots of thought,  
The ends of the wide world together have brought.  
Man' e'en for the air-car impatiently watches.  
Behold how the iovers the lovees have taught  
To scorch down the earth on machines in their crotches.

One summer, a summer of long years ago,  
The tribes were encamped where tall Castle Rock stands.  
The game was abundant for shaft and for bow.  
The salmon were swarming the waters below  
And heaped in huge ricks on the litter-strewn sands.  
The squaws toiled content. The papooses did crow,  
At peace. Danced and reveled the copper-skinned bands.

Above, on' the pinnacly crags, day by day,  
Some young brave keeps vigil, with eyes eagle keen.  
Tomorrow Multnomah will sentinel play,  
In warpaint first donned, and in chieftain plumes gay.  
Today in proud tests he came forth with the sheen  
Of prowess and prudence thrown bright on his way.  
Now many a maiden would fain be his queen.

Aurora had shot the first shaft from her quiver,  
But far up the cliffside Multnomah was clinging.  
One slip and his young life goes back to its Giver;  
His young form rolls wrecked to the marge of the river:  
But slowly his nerves and his muscles are bringing  
Him where he himself can from peril deliver.  
The hopes of his bosom a paeon are singing.

The sweat of exertion hangs wet in his hair  
And trickles in rills from his coppery skin.  
His lithe frame at times seems suspended in air.  
What soul but his soul would not sink in despair?  
With fingers, with naked feet, even with chin,  
He worms up the wall of the precipice bare,  
And sinks on the crest with a satisfied grin.

He dreams he has followed a route up the steep  
No other will traverse, but wrong the surmise.  
A shape just as panther-like swung in the deep,  
Black shadows behind him—his sister—to keep  
Her brother from taking the guard by surprise,  
Regard her! as nearer she ventures to creep  
And shine on her lover with languishing eyes.

Her lover! adored and adoring! has kept  
The night watch all night, with the beacon ablaze.  
All night long from turret to boulder he stepped,  
In vigil that flagged not, with soul that ne'er slept.  
No point of the compass he slights in his gaze;  
Yet near him Multnomah has silently crept  
And with his sweet sister the sentry surveys.

Her heart yearns in agonized hope that the guard  
By instinct her brother will timely discover.  
Still nearer Multnomah, as still as a pard,  
She steals on her bosom, her veins swelling hard.  
For life, ay, for life! just to warn her dear lover.  
Multnomah is bending his bow to the cord.  
To challenge he rises and looms big above her.

And then with her shapely, unmoccasined toe,  
She loosens a stone and away lets it bound.  
Strong bends in an instant each Indian his bow,  
The chieftains and medicine men down below  
Hear first from the sentry the challenging sound.  
Multnomah, the Generous, hastens to show  
That envy no root in his bosom has found.

The young warriors pace to and fro for a while,  
And, turning at length, find the maiden before them.  
Though dumb with surprise, still, so winsome her wile,  
The brother accords her a tolerant smile.  
A blush like the the dawn in the dome purpling o'er them  
Suffuses her figure and face, for the style  
Of her robes could fit but the one girl who wore them.

Her hand in the hand of her lover is placed,  
For down from the height he perforce will assist her.  
When hid in the gloom, if he squeezed her dear waist,  
And eke dared the sweets of her kisses to taste,  
Who cares, if, she cared not, he squeezed her and kissed her?  
. If such kisses stain be those stains not erased:  
The kisses of love, though they burn, never blister.

The young chief is left to his duties alone,  
A warrior full fledged! with a true warrior's pride!  
Erect as a statue of bronze, still as stone,  
He stands lost in thinking of thoughts long his own.  
Ambition is writ on his brows. For his guide  
A ruling resolve deep within him has grown,  
And that resolution today will be tried.

See! far up the gorge, on the Home of the Hawk,  
A pennon is suddenly flung to the breeze,—  
The skin of a roebuck, as milky as chalk,  
And waved with a frantic hand over the rock.  
The eagle no sooner than he the flag sees;  
But slowly he strides to and fro in his walk;  
The flag is tossed high and floats down midst the trees.

Mark! over the floods, in the Swamp of the Goose,  
In wild, mimic flight from a furious bear,  
A frenzied squaw runs with a frightened papoose.  
He sees them, and fancies, like demons broke loose,  
They shriek and he hears on the ambient air.  
He knows that his failure can plead no excuse,  
Yet heeds not the threatened mock tragedy there.

Look! low down the stream, where the precipice tall  
Hangs beetling or sheer on the foam-whitened flood,  
A dozen canoes hug the base of the wall.  
He counts them in silence. They keep in the pall  
And paddle up stream. They are friends. But his blood  
Throbs loud in his temples; for, bitter as gall,  
Disgrace nips the Red Man's proud hopes in the bud.

The village below is a whirl of commotion.  
 The yells of derision and rage fill the skies.  
 The surges of men roll as waves of the ocean,  
 And, deaf to the cries of a sister's devotion,  
 They overwhelm on his lodge and in ruins it lies.  
 He feigns not to know what impels the mad notion  
 And watches the deed in pretended surprise.

The wigwam of Mohok, Multnomah's proud sire,  
 Is shut on its shame, but the sagamores will  
 Repress the fury. The fever and fire  
 That burn for a victim begin to expire.  
 The old men prevail and the young chief shall still  
 Have one chance to lift up his crest from the mire.  
 The solar isochronon thunders down hill.

Multnomah exults as he reigns on his tower  
 And rolls his fine eyes on a glorious clime.  
 Today is the day, yea, this hour is the hour,  
 When shame, bitter shame, rears the throne of his power.  
 He soars on the wings of a spirit sublime.  
 O, Hell that the fool calls Adversity! Bower  
 Of rare Opportuniti! Bide a good time.

The warriest roebuck of all his wild class,  
 By instinct apprised that some danger is near,  
 Observes the mere nod of a tassel of grass  
 As, flashing like lightning, his piercing eyes pass.  
 But keener than even the orbs of the deer,  
 The Indian's optics peruse all the mass  
 And legion of things which around him appear.

Multnomah has paused. One could fancy he nods.  
 But focussed afar is his keen, searching gaze;  
 Where rises stupendous above the pent floods  
 The corbels tremendous of the Bridge of the Gods.  
 Ah! There! See! Oh! There! Look! Multnomah! What haze  
 Prevents—? See that speck! There! Ten score and more rods—  
 On high! On the arch! A smoke spiral! A blaze!

"Shuhomut!" Too late! O! Multnomah, too late!  
 "Shuhomut!" Your sister has raised the wild cry.  
 "Shuhomut!" the doom, ay, the sentence of Fate.  
 "Shuhomut!" the clangor and bang of a gate—  
 "Shuhomut!"—through which you shall nevermore fly.  
 "Shuhomut!" Come down from your regal estate.  
 "Shuhomut!" 'Twere better, Multnomah, to die.

They hale him before the tribunal of scorn,  
They shatter his quiver, they whittle his bow;  
With ruthless hands wrench out the plumes that adorn  
His glossy hair, puncture his nose with a thorn,  
And fix in the hole made the tail of a doe;  
Spit full in his face: but a king he was born;  
And king is he still when their spites they forego.

A sudden deep hush settles over the throng.  
The war chief, fierce Mohok, approaches his son.  
He speaks not at first; his emotions are strong:  
His pride, and the pride of his race, has—gone wrong!  
His task is a torture, yet must it be done.  
He talks, yet would rather he sing the death song:  
The bitter words drop from his lips one by one.

“Stink, buzzard! but doff the proud eagle’s clean plume!  
Perch, scavenger! sunk in foul carrion your claws!  
A son is a son even yet in his tomb  
On Memaloose! Would that the blossoms might bloom  
This day on your grave! Off! outlawed by our laws,  
My son nevermore! For a man needs your room.  
Lug wood! and gut fish! as a squaw! with the squaws!”

One bound, and a sister’s arms circle his neck,  
A sister’s hands hurl far the badges of shame.  
Few gaze on her sorrow, and little they reck  
To see how he tries his emotions to check.  
“Multnomah! my brother!” she murmurs his name.  
“Disgraced and dishonored, scorn’s emblems may deck,  
But, brother, your sister is sister the same.”

The children were awed at the incredible loads  
Of fagots he heaved from the woods on his shoulder.  
He scattered them round to the many abodes,  
Ignoring the taunts, and the jeers, and the goads,  
Which daily and hourly grew bolder and bolder.  
“Some day he will close these accounts by the codes  
Of manhood!” his sister would say when they told her.

Just once, and once only, when she heard, one jeered.  
A pretty young squaw shot the barb from her tongue.  
A cougar, to those who were there it appeared,  
Could scarcely the distance she covered have cleared  
As fierce at the throat of the woman she flung.  
He tore loose the murderous fingers, but feared  
For long that the neck of the squaw had been wrung.

The crones dropped godblessyous behind him galore:  
 He did half their work, made the other half play.  
 The sachems were watching, as chore after chore,  
 Hard trips to the woodstocks, hard tasks on the shore,  
 He toiled from the dawn to the dusk of the day.  
 Each evensong round him assembled a score  
 And more boisterous urchins to romp and to play.

Twelve times did the great silver moon wax and wane,  
 Twelve moons of hard toil, uncomplaining, and drudge;  
 Twelve moons in the sun, in the snow, in the rain;  
 Twelve moons of his life, lived in pain, but—in vain?  
 Twelve moons of deep insults, yet holds he no grudge;  
 Twelve moons in the swing of devotion's sweet chain,  
 His sister his joy, the Great Spirit his judge.

And then, as he worked with Homomoh one even,  
 A summons to council a messenger brought.  
 Wild joy, such the soul feels on entering Heaven,  
 Shone out of her eyes as "Forgiven! Forgiven!"  
 She cried and was close in his mighty arms caught.  
 "Multnomah!" she laughed, by her joy nearly driven  
 Insane, "we have not waited so long for naught."

The Red Man is born undemonstrative, so,  
 The brief ceremony was simple that gave  
 Him back all his dignities—quiver, and bow  
 And plume. And the war chief, stern Mohok, aglow  
 With pride and with pleasure, restrained himself, save,  
 As pressing the hands of his son, to speak slow:  
 "You have been a squaw! And you will be a brave."

The last level rays of the sunset were shining  
 In gold on the crags of tall Castle Rock's head;  
 Multnomah and Mohok on bearskins reclining,  
 Within the tall lodge of the chief, were resigning  
 Themselves to the joys of a feast for them spread;  
 With banqueting rapt conversation combining:  
 When in stone Homomoh and blushing said:

"The sun comes at morning, the mist flies to meet him.  
 The strong tree gets thirsty, down patters the rain.  
 The swan gyres on wedged wings, the she-swan to greet him  
 Up soars in surrender, yet feigns to defeat him.  
 The East woos the West Wind and woos not in vain.  
 The Sea God petitions the moon not to cheat him,  
 And rosy with bliss in his bed she sinks fain."

"And Humyuk," made answer Multnomah, "sore misses  
 The light from his wigwam, the light of his life.  
 Your long hair is braided, your lips pout for kisses,  
 He hones for his bride as you yearn for her blisses.  
 Twelve moons you have struggled—go, sweet, end the strife."  
 "Oomp! bareskins in bearskins!" grounts Mohok. And hisses  
 Her robe as she flits to give Humyuk his wife.

She fled from the village and wandered apart,  
 Her springy light feet by the murmuring water.  
 A footfall, a whisper, wild terror, a start,  
 A soft exclamation, a hard-beating heart,  
 She hesitates, trembles, and yields. He has caught her!  
 Ah, maid! and oh, maiden! if artless your art,  
 By Nature be crowned, as her happiest daughter.

Uplifted and borne in his arms to the brink,  
 Then tenderly placed in his ready canoe,  
 Adrift in a moment, too happy to think,  
 She feels on the welter the shell rise and sink  
 As rises and sinks her fond bosom. Come true,  
 O, dream of sweet youth! If a goddess could drink  
 The nectar you drink then would nectar be rue.

How useful the blissful sweet kiss is to hint  
 Of things in the soul which the tongue can not tell!  
 A kiss is a coin! A girl's lips are a mint.  
 Yet value intrinsic the coin has, sans stint,  
 Not current, yet tender for things girls don't sell.  
 How drossy is gold! when this coin sheds its glint  
 Of bliss, woe, joy, pain, hope, death, life, Heaven, and Hell.

The silver moon swings round and round in the skies,  
 And likewise the stars in broad wheels bright and glowing.  
 The center of all the wide universe lies  
 And watches the swing with big wondering eyes.  
 His orbs upon her all their looks are bestowing.  
 In her he can see all the worlds she descries  
 And myriads more which the dome is not showing.

At last, lifting up her sweet radiant face,  
 She questions him softly: "Love! where are we going?"  
 "To see the cascades turn to vapor in space.  
 To drift, darling! locked in this loving embrace.  
 To feel the soft zephyrs rain balm in their blowing.  
 To sleep on Lone Rock! in the same hallowed place  
 Where first we stole kisses one day we went rowing."



Her joys were her paranympths. Up the basalt  
She scampered. He bore all the trappings along.  
In that bridal chamber, as vast as the vault  
Of God's throne, a rude couch—what bride would find fault?  
He brought her from hiding in arms brave and strong.  
The ripples, the zephyrs, the spheres! without halt,  
All night sing her epithalamion song.

Multnomah and Mohok talked late that glad night,  
Twelve moons of cold silence at once to repay.

But ere the gray streaks of the dawn's mellow light,  
Multnomah, well-armed, and all ready for flight,  
Crept forth from the wigwam and glided away.  
And Snomish watched wistful. Ah, Snomish, the blight  
Of love when hope sickens! but death shuns his prey!

He leisurely skirted the huge rugged hills  
Bizarre with the weird wild erosion of ages.  
He quenches his thirst at the cool trickling rills.  
The strange book of bountiful nature sends thrills  
Of rapture to him as he reads from its pages.  
Unlettered, yet learned, is this savage; he fills  
His mind from the real spring of lore of all sages.

And under the Bridge of the Gods! the sublime!  
The wonder of wonders of worlds! before noon  
He stood. And a young brave in manhood's first prime  
He met there, the daring Soosoon. A long time  
The chief stood perplexed. Then the warrior: "A boon,  
Multnomah!" "Speak, brother!" In sad pantomime:  
"Snomish loves Multnomah—and—Snomish—Soosoon!"

A rush and a swish through the still atmosphere  
Attended the fall of a shaft at their feet.  
"The arrow of Mohok!" For many a long year  
It stuck in a fir snag lodged high on the sheer  
Declivity. All the fierce storms which had beat  
Around it had loosened it not from its queer  
Tenacious hold. "Brother, an omen complete."

Multnomah made answer none. Out of the quiver  
He sought him an arrow with critical eye.  
He measured the fearful long range, but with never  
A tremor of muscle he drew to deliver  
His shot at yon target twixt him and the sky.  
The bowstring sang shrill. The great bow with a quiver  
The missile sent hissing its errand to fly.

As true as the path of a sunbeam it bounded,  
 Deceiving the eye with a fancied zigzag.  
 Soosoon marked the feat with a spirit confounded.  
 The soul of Multnomah was even astounded.  
 Unerring it hurtled, too impatient to lag.  
 It rang on the mark with a ring that resounded  
 With force yet to spare: it sank firm in the snag.

"My brother, adieu," said Multnomah, and started.  
 "Goes whither the Rising Sun?" "East of the mountains."  
 "My brother, this morning, when you had departed,  
 The beautiful Snomish, the sad, broken-hearted,  
 Drank deep to the dregs of lost love's bitter fountains.  
 Up there, on the Bridge of the Gods, she has charted  
 The trail of her heart going east of the mountains."

"You wish me to climb to the same lofty station—"  
 "To bid her goodbye." "The Great Spirit knows best.  
 To some he sends bliss, and to some, desolation;  
 Yet all reach, at last, the same rare destination,  
 In Hunting Grounds Happy. What matters the rest?  
 Go bring her, yourself, from the grand elevation,  
 My message and messenger, to her addressed.

"The time will come surely, when she will discover,  
 As sure as the sun on the Oregon shines,  
 I sent her, not love, something better, a lover.  
 And certain as blue is the sky now above her  
 The tendrils of her love shall yet be your twines.  
 Farewell! I have spoken. To wander, to hover  
 In haunts of my foemen, my restless heart pines."

Soosoon swarmed the height like a frightened gazelle.  
 His noble heart bled when he saw her rapt gazes  
 Roam eastward. A mantle of guilty blush fell  
 And covered her over, as plunging, pellmell,  
 Restless and checkless and hot in the mazes  
 Of love's declaration he chained her with a spell.  
 Upbraidings with pleadings he mixes and praises.

"I love you! What reason is that you should spurn me?  
 If slay me you will, why use ice for your arrow?  
 O, Snomish, if I must be tortured, dear, burn me!  
 To snow change me not nor to adamant turn me!  
 I swear my attentions your soul shall not harrow.  
 What guilty things ever have I done to earn me  
 Your wicked scorn? Curse a soul spiteful and narrow!

"You give other young men the smile and the glance  
 Becoming an animal social and friend.  
 My nod you dishonor, if, by some rare chance,  
 Or pitiful hap of a poor circumstance,  
 To let me get near you your airs condescend.  
 Sweet! just for a kind word my crushed spirit pants.  
 Sweet! once, love, your proud stubborn haughtiness bend.

"But, sweetheart, I swear that I came not to scold you.  
 I loved you before you were weaned from the milk.  
 I stole you, one day, when a baby to hold you  
 And kiss you; and many fine things, too, I told you.—  
 Your lips curl! One moment!—The wonderful silk  
 The spider spins feels like your hair felt of old. You  
 Have teeth as the ivory white teeth of the elk.

"Your lips curled contemptuous when I averred  
 I kissed you in babyhood. Helpless? You were!  
 How now? If the thing that in those days occurred  
 Occurs not again, here! the wings of some bird  
 Must snatch you away for—" "You coward! you cur!"—  
 Around her his mighty arm compassed a gird  
 From which she could scape not, nor shelter, nor stir.

"My lips are not mine! They have been consecrated!"  
 Tornadoes of passion control can how few men!  
 "For years I have worshipped and wished for, and waited;  
 And still you disdain: I prefer to be hated.  
 You trample my heart, sweet. You treat me inhuman.  
 But bless the Great Spirit! Girl! I am not fated  
 To die without tasting the taste of a woman."

How many eternities passed while his lips  
 Were pressed to her mouth, from the question abstain.  
 An arm from her shoulders, an arm from her hips,  
 Removed, how reluctantly! down, free, she slips,  
 And flits as a sweet dream dispels in the brain.  
 His bliss was so great that in total eclipse  
 Sinks the consideration of her rage and pain.

The fair aboriginee menaced insanity.  
 She gnashed at his finger-marks red on her wrist.  
 She sputtered blue blazes of barbarous profanity.  
 She craned with her teeth for her rump, O, the vanity!  
 Where other prints glowed that his digits had kissed.  
 She scrubbed at her lips and her waist. God! Humanity!  
 She pounded her aching ribs sore with her fist.

O! fickle, impulsive, and volatile creature!  
You incomprehensible, utterly, can be.

If earth holds an animal gifted to beat your  
Inconstancy, mystery, sin, and deceiture  
That animal is, yea, must, certainly, man be.

But change not, O, despot! in form, soul, nor feature;  
Forever, as you have been since time began, be!

Multnomah ranged eastward. The roaring Cascades  
Grew fainter behind him. He camped at the geysers  
Where Wind River flows under Wind Mountain's shades.  
No lurking foe shuns he, but friends he evades.  
He rises at matins of plumed early risers  
And sleeps when the vespers are hushed in the glades.  
He dreads no surprise for he fears no surprisers.

He stopped at The Dalles; watched the billows in foam  
Plunge into the vortex with eath-jarring thunder:  
And under the cressets which blazed in the dome,  
Remembering Memaloose, ultimate home  
Of all flesh, grows eerie with awe and great wonder.  
But on through the wilderness, eager to roam,  
Afar from his native land tears him asunder.

Lone Desert! Vast Skookooks! Your name is a theme  
To conjure the muses—to fire inspirations.  
The rays on the Oregon glitter and gleam  
And silver its course like the path of a dream.  
The waves always ruffle in rythmic pulsations  
This mystical, magical, musical stream.  
But on prosecutes he his peregrinations.

The mountains sank slowly and vanished behind him,  
But onward he pressed through the lonely immensity.  
The dunes glare by day with such brilliance they blind him.  
Abroad in the night-time the game creatures find him  
And vanish alarmed in the gloom's sombre density.  
His foemen are round him; but nature designed him  
To revel in danger with savage intensity.

Thus hiding by daytime and prowling by night,  
Appeasing his hunger by shifts as he ran,  
He saw, one fair morn, by the dawn's rosy light,  
A scene which entranced him, the watch-fires all bright  
Grow dim round the tepees of kingly Spokan.  
The end of his pilgrimage! Mecca in sight!  
The home of the beautiful queenly Shunshan.

Inscrutable orders of Fate! He selected  
 A hidingplace safest of all in the land.  
 A natural basin of water, protected  
 All round by huge boulders of stone, which erected  
 Themselves in an archway before the clean strand.  
 The pool and the river were quaintly connected  
 By one foot of water above the white sand.

An elfin retreat, yes, a fay's balneary.  
 His interest waxed as the daylight grew clearer.  
 He read by the tracks that some human, or fairy,  
 Came daily to bask and to bathe in this very  
 Same nook. And he learned, by examining nearer,  
 That small was her dainty foot, graceful and airy  
 The lovely form. Other plain facts learned he queerer.

Perceiving where yesterday once in the coze  
 She sat and indented her bold signature,  
 The hieroglyphic he smilingly views  
 And suffers himself to unconsciously choose  
 The title which settled, with meaning obscure,  
 Upon her forever—Tum Rusa! Excuse  
 A passing transla—no, the sense is not sure.

The chief fell asleep about sunrise and dreamed  
 A wonderful dream of Tum Rusa, the stranger.  
 He roamed in an Eden divine, and it teemed  
 With fruits, and bright fishes, and game, and he seemed  
 To meet her and mention her name but to change her  
 To flame. He awoke. The hot sun on him streamed,  
 And strange premonitions he felt. Was it danger?

He rests on his bosom with cheek on his arms,  
 And opens his eyes without moving and sees her.  
 A symmetry perfect, a glory of charms,  
 The rarest of faces, the fairest of forms,  
 His idol, his star, at a glance, he decrees her.  
 The deeps of his spirit are stirred with the storms  
 Of passion; and, death as the cost! he will seize her.

The paddle already has been tossed inside.  
 The barque glides along, neath the arch, through the pool,  
 And grates on the beaches. He stares, open-eyed,  
 Discrediting vision. This sweet glorified  
 Divinity thinks he another dream. Fool!  
 Be taught then your error. She strips to the hide  
 And drops to her chin in the clear liquid cool.

Now back and forth, round and round, hither and fro,  
With fanciful strokes swam the elegant swimmer.

Her ruddy skin reddens, her starry eyes glow;  
On back and on bosom, now fast, and then slow,  
Her young face with ripples of pleasure aglimmer.

Then out with a bound, frees her hair, lets it flow,  
And round her, as low as her thighs, sees it shimmer.

The water grows still, and she stands on a stone  
To leisurely gaze at the beauteous reflection.

The saucy, the roguish face under her shown  
Is archer than any sweet face not her own.  
She laughs with delight and concludes the inspection.

Child-woman, take warning! A foe, reckless grown,  
Moves closer to gaze at the risk of detection.

Again she subscribes herself in the warm mud:  
Tum Rusa! forever; Shunshan, nevermore!

Around her the sun pours an alchemic flood.  
As through her pure veins rush the surges of blood,  
So rise in her fancies bright pictures galore.  
In maidenhood yesterday, burst from the stud  
To womanhood today, for tomorrow what store?

Secure in the knowledge that no mortal sees it,  
With pencils of mud on her belly and breast  
Tattoos she the war paint. Her thighs to her knees it  
Soon covers as well. And her face by degrees it  
Is also in strokes of ferocity dressed.

"If! some! one! should! see! Mercy! me! what! a tease it!  
Would be!" and she blurs the fierce patterns, sans rest.

Out sprang the young chief with a death on his bowstring.  
Convulsive her terrified bound to her feet.

A tiger from ambush, as he leaped, might so spring:  
As started she, even so up might a doe spring.  
Their spell-binding eyes with a burning gaze meet.

He studies how best from above to below spring:  
She ponders where safest to wing her retreat.

She dreaded at first that some tribesman had sought her,  
Enamored, to ravish her innocent charm;

The precinct was sacred; hence, he who had caught her  
Had schemes more infernal against her than slaughter;  
A foeman she sees and she feels less alarm.

Her tribal traditions of ages had taught her  
That Courage can even the Destroyer disarm.

She waits for the twang of the death-knelling cord,  
But God! it is bitter to say, Life goodbye!  
One moment ago and the terrible sword  
Had come with the summons to final reward  
With horrors less gloomy and hard to defy.  
Oh, Death, why send him on the errand abhorred?  
To teach her to live then to teach her to die.

The strong bow unbends. In the air he has bounded,  
The shape of his form on the sky silhouetted.  
A shriek of despair on the silence resounded,  
But hope for a friend in her need is unfounded.  
Your speed is your hope, girl; to that be indebted.  
As fleet as an arrow the pool she surrounded,  
And chance for the moment her efforts abetted.

He strikes in the fluid. Her feet are on land.  
He wallows in foam. But she skips like a fawn.  
He reaches the doorway as over the strand  
She leaps where the river's broad stretches expand.  
To ankles, knees, hips, three great strides—she is gone.  
Athletic he follows, his feet spurn the sand,  
And into the billows projects he his brawn.

The sea land the dolphin might envy the girl  
Her speed in the water, her skill and her graces.  
Before her the ripples are splitted and curl,  
Behind her the eddies are fretted and whirl,  
As onward, and onward, and onward, she races.  
A mile wide before her the wee wavelets purl,  
But dauntless and daring the long mile she faces.

Unwitnessed the desperate struggle proceeds,  
The dauntless pursued, the relentless pursuer.  
Still faster and forward and onward she speeds,  
For still she perceives, as her chaser she leads,  
The few rods between them grow fewer and fewer.  
Yet with a strange, formless wish, girl, your heart bleeds  
To fly as the wooed with your foeman the wooer.

Now plainer and plainer the shoreline before her  
Appears, for behind her lies half of the river.  
No nearer he swims now. His gazes adore her.  
She fancies the basilisk glances gloat o'er her.  
He slackens his speed. He discerns with a shiver  
That soon if no rosy hope comes to restore her,  
Her form to Death's cold arms her hands will deliver.

Half spent by her anguish and heart straining toil,  
She had been debating the question of drowning.

Now Hope on her soul's troubled waters pour oil,  
Behind her once more the wee wake maelstroms boil.  
Sweet Victory's laurels her brows may be crowning.

May he not be weary? And may she not foil  
Him yet? Why, Defeat surely seems for him frowning.

But God, what new Terror is this which has tightened  
His cold clammy hands on the chords of her heart?

Her foe might succumb! And unknowing why frightened  
Instead of rejoiced on the fluid she heightened  
Her buoy and peered forward. O, how far apart

The strandline! She watched him a moment, and brightened:  
Triumphant he looks as he looked from the start.

And now, as she dreaded before that he might die,  
She thinks that she hopes, in her soul, that he may sink.

The lyrical laughterful lovelands, they bright lie  
Before her, and there she would fain with delight fly.  
Life's chalice! love's nectar! both! both! to this day drink.  
Some refuge waits somewhere: to bring it in sight try.  
Of blisses which young life and young love display think.

The shore is approaching, the goal of her hopes.  
Her legs and her arms magic shuttles are churning.

Delirious, feverish, forward she gropes  
And slowly the portal of paradise opes.  
The blood in her arteries lava is burning.  
Deluded Tum Rusa! The warrior who copes  
With you for the guerdon the guerdon is earning.

Observe how the warrior, sly, circumspect, shrewd,  
Now swerves from her wake, stems the current, and glides  
Above and abreast of the maiden. In crude

Conception she fathoms him, yet with the nude  
And stubborn fact clear in her mind that he bides

The chance of the footrace, odds none, she has screwed  
Her soul to one purpose, and forward she slides.

Her wistful eyes wander across, but she knows  
She dare not attempt the wide sluice any more.

The water grows colder and colder still grows,  
But spurning its chill with strong blows upon blows  
She skims down the silvery shoals of the shore.

The race from its outset has a different close—  
Behind the pursued, the pursuer before.



The cones of her bust nearly brush on the sand  
Before to the bottom her fingers she presses.  
Like lightning she gathers her limbs in command,  
And while to his feet he is struggling to stand,  
She flirts off the spray from her long glossy tresses,  
Recovers her breath with celerity grand,  
And shoots from the brink like a hawk from the jesses.

Ethereal seems the light nymph as she sails  
With twinkling extremities over the beach.  
His lungs are capacious. Deep oxygen gales  
Through nostrils distended he inhales and exhales.  
He gains and she fancies her hair he can reach.  
She crouches to trip him; the stratagem fails:  
And mauger her pride her eyes mercy beseech.

He seeks the concealment of near-growing bushes,  
And stands with her back to his broad heaving breast.  
A thrill of great ecstasy through her heart rushes.  
A joy just as deep through her trembling heart gushes.  
And thus they repose to consider and rest.  
The arm which encircles her stifles and crushes:  
She writhes in his clasp till her pain is expressed.

It suits not the mind of the great, brawny bowman  
To let her discern that his heart is in bonds;  
But kiss her he will, for he must, as a foeman!  
Hide love from the woman he worships can no man!  
Her eyes read his soul, and her passion responds.  
The captor is captured! God pity you, O, man!  
For from your persuading eyes her love absconds.

As read she his secret, she read his intention.  
Resolved she to revel with him in his joy.  
Her love can his love pay a ransomless pension  
And richer become with the payment. Convention!  
Why, she is a girl! And he, he is a boy!  
Then drink! for the bowl, till your sun's last declension,  
Will brim with the sweetness which never can cloy.

She lifted her lips when he stooped to begin it.  
She nestled when closer he offered to press her.  
He kissed her ten times in the lapse of a minute.  
He fondled her rudely: she encouraged him in it.  
He held her aloof: snatched her back to caress her.  
Carousal of savage love! Thought she no sin it.  
The pause from the orgy appears to distress her.

He thinks that she met him half way in the blisses  
Of rapturous love as a prayer for her life.

He thinks that she brooked his embraces and kisses  
And walked with him close to the brink of abysses  
Of shame for the reason she dreaded a strife.

He little supposes her fears she dismisses,  
With whispering her soul: "Can he sully his wife?"

He pulls from a drift heap a sapling of cedar.  
He gathers her under his sinewy arm.

Back into the floodtides he hastens to lead her,  
Disdaining her terrors, and scorning to heed her  
Wild questioning glances of helpless alarm.

Bound neck to the bole by her hair he will speed her  
Across the wide tide without danger or harm.

The water is icy; her bosom is chilling;  
The marrow seems freezing inside of her bones.

She signs her petition to swim. He is willing.

He loosens one wind of her hair. Now the killing  
Inaction is over. In soft murmuring tones

She falters: "Skochenosh!" Then soon she is stilling  
Her shivering by toil which discomfort disowns.

Then back to the pool, at a run, they go racing.  
Her garments and ornaments in the canoe

He tosses, and down in the bottom then placing

The maiden, her body his limbs firm embracing,

He seizes the paddle and drives the shell through.

Afloat on the Oregon! Kinsmen none chasing!

Ho, village of Mohok! And child home, adieu!

Thus meekly reclining across his huge thigh,  
And pinioned in place by his powerful limbs,

She watches recede through a glistening eye

The scenes of her girlhood. O, girlhood, goodbye.

The film of a tear that she would not shed dims

Her vision. Her bosom is heaved with a sigh

Of mournful farewell. Round a curve the shell skirts.

Then on the broad swell of the foamy expanse  
She ventured to reach for her trinkets and clothes.

Her manner is bashful, and furtive her glance,

But donned the rich garb, with deep pleasure she pants,

And peeps to discern what approval he shows.

His eyes intercept the sly look, by a chance,

And crimson and scarlet the winsome face grows.

"The Tamaroose waits, with the torture stake yonder.  
 Shoshoraw shall judge. Let us wait and have peace."  
 The girl to his soul had grown infinitely fonder;  
 Sweet love! What an ecstasy with her to wander  
 Adown life's bright pathway till death's last surcease!  
 Their days in the bowers of affection to squander,  
 Their nights in the dreams brought by love's silken fleece.

Shoshoraw the midst of the circle maintains.  
 Tum Rusa stands queenly and trim by Soosoon.  
 Multnomah between holds his ground but refrains  
 From touching Shoshoraw. The giant brave strains  
 His sight to regain and his eyes hunt the moon.  
 His pains he despises, his rage keeps in chains,  
 Each eyeball rolls red in a tear-filled lagoon.

At last the first glimmer of sight is restored.  
 Soosoon steps across with his right hand extended.  
 The hand is accepted. The bystanding horde  
 Who much from the start the estrangement deplored  
 Are pleased, and in plaudits their voices are blended.  
 Huge arms on his chest, the bold warrior then poured  
 His gaze on the girl who his foe had defended.

And withering hatred by bold admiration  
 Contend in his fierce and stern heart for control.  
 Soosoon understands, and with glad elevation  
 Of spirits, "Come, sister!" he speaks in elation,  
 And beckons. Soft forward the sylph gently stole.  
 Too late, child! Shoshoraw shouts forth in damnation:  
 "The Tamaroose! Torture stake! Woe to her soul!"

The tiger awoke in Soosoon. Not the sign  
 He caught from Multnomah had virtue to still him.  
 "Who thinks that Soosoon will his sister resign  
 To even the Tamaroose errs? She is mine!  
 If any man takes her away I will kill him!  
 Her sentence is spoken. Make room! Death my fine  
 If she is not safely kept!" His will they will him.

The Tamaroose, wise in the wisdom of years,  
 And human experience, comes to the front.  
 "The fates overrule in all earthly careers,  
 My children. Life chases through blisses and tears,  
 My children. The intellect passion makes blunt,  
 My children. All mortals ride some day on biers,  
 My children. With burdens of old age I grunt,

They cautiously wend in the grasses and bushes.  
A rabbit they spy, and his bowstring he draws.  
Unerring, the flintspike destroyingly rushes,  
And red from the clean wound a blood fountain gushes.  
Its flesh from its bones he voraciously gnaws.  
A duck in the sedges his fatal skill hushes  
In death, and from hunting they willingly pause.

They talk in their language gesticulatory,  
Heart answering heart and soul speaking to soul,  
Unconsciously telling the grand, old, sweet story  
Till Night sits enthroned in her temples of glory;  
Then west with the floods of the Oregon roll.  
The mouth of the maiden is bloomy and rory,  
The sky is a glittering diamond shoal.

The paddle, so steady and forceful and soundless,  
With timed regularity rises and dips.  
The need for such caution appears to be groundless.  
As still as the tomb is the ghostly and boundless  
Dark void through which softly the frail shallop slips.  
As prays he the gauntlet to deliver them woundless,  
A light girlish hand softly falls on his lips.

Recumbent he sinks by her side. She is peering  
Across the light gunwale. He follows her eyes.  
He sees at a glance they are rapidly nearing  
Some dot in the stream, and by silently steering  
Aside they waft by. As he passes he spies  
A war craft at anchor. When once more careering  
Along on the waves he to question her tries.

"Why called not the maiden for help from her friends?"  
"Their foe has me fast in the arms of his power.  
His arrows are keen. When his mighty bow bends,  
The shadow of death on his victim descends.  
And I have a lover, a warrior in the flower  
Of youth. He will keep near my side to the ends  
Of earth. He is sweet. His brave breast is my bower."

All this she expressed with her hands raised above him  
In gestures of grace between him and the sky.  
Multnomah is trembling. She never will love him.  
The devil's claw fingers of jealousy shove him  
Along to the verge of a precipice high.  
His eyes blaze with murder. But other thoughts move him,  
And fiercely above her his hands signify:

"His blood I would drain if by chance I could meet him.  
Dream not that on earth evermore he shall claim you.  
What hinders that here I forever should cheat him?  
And send you a harlot in pale death to greet him?  
His heart, will I tear it in shreds when I maim you?  
Now shriek if you choose. All in vain you entreat him!  
I swear, by these stars, here and now, girl, to—"

With mouth on his lips she the damnable oath  
With fondling cajolery sought to forestall.  
His hand on her bosom she pressed and with both  
Her arms clung around him, until he, as loath  
As might be, his fierce passions strove to recall.  
With one arm still hugging the neck of the wroth  
And sullen Multnomah, she slowly let fall:

(He crushed her lithe form to his storm-ruffled breast,  
And watched the sweet hand wave the words in the air.)  
"The waist of Tum Rusa was never caressed  
By others arms. Never have other lips pressed  
Her mouth. Poor Tum Rusa is full of despair.  
The soul of Tum Rusa a bird is and nest  
Has none in the tents of Spokan. Shall she swear?"

"Then why did the tongue of Tum Rusa speak lies?"  
"The tongue of Tum Rusa speaks always the truth.  
The breast of Tum Rusa is heavy with sighs.  
Multnomah misunderstood. After moonrise  
Multnomah will gaze on Tum Rusa in ruth.  
Multnomah will then in Tum Rusa's sad eyes  
See nothing but heart whole, ingenuous youth."

Though not understanding a word of his tongue,  
His lips to her lips and his heart to her heart  
Love's madrigal holy had rapturously sung.  
As thus on his bosom she languorously clung,  
She yearned the glad tale of her love to impart:  
But suddenly down her sweet figure she flung,  
Yet left him fair hopes by her coquettish art.

She knew not how his kinsclan would receive her.  
Perhaps her love might be the very means  
Whereby his tribes would torture her and grieve her.  
Of him, her idol, might they not bereave her?  
So from his gaze her passion well she screens.  
Henceforth the blisses of his wooings leave her,  
And withered blooms from love's sere waste she gleans.

The bangled buckskin from her shoulders rips  
To lash her arms in fetters—cruel whims!  
The fringy beady vestment from her hips  
Outrageous hands, insulting action, strips  
To bind her shapely finching lower limbs.  
A proud tear from her long dark lashes drips,  
But still in seas of joy her spirit swims.

Now far on the skyline a hurricane mumbles,  
The terrible ooshkoom, the dread of the clime;  
Across the great desert the cloud billow tumbles,  
Before the tornado the thunder-car rumbles,  
Behind drives Old Tempest in fury sublime;  
The vault of the skies with re-echoing grumbles,  
The Oregon groans the suspense of the time.

The cyclone's artillery charges. The boom  
Of lightning bombardments is shivering the air.  
The earth hides her face in a mantle of gloom,  
And quakes from her weltering waist to her womb.  
The swords of the thunderbolts circle and glare.  
The squadrons of sand gallop on to assume  
Their posts in the ranks of the elements' war.

The Red Man turned short from the threatening course  
And swung in the sheltering lee of the shore.

The rain through the willows with keen biting force  
Poured drenching and cold on their bodies. Remorse  
And shame smote his heart with their pangs to its core.  
The naked girl gathered he warm to her source  
Of comfort and joy, and she shivered no more.

Ensnconced in his bosom, enclasped in his arms,  
What cared she for fetters, chill, nakedness, rain?  
Around her the gale shrieks in menacing harms,  
The soak of the hissing spray soddens her charms.  
They seek to despoil her of pleasure in vain.  
When die on the winds and the waters the storms  
A dreamy sweet sleep has enveloped her brain.

All night with endurance no labor could tire  
The paddle was plied till the dawn was at hand.  
Once more in the thickets the game they require  
Is slain by his skill and devoured without fire.  
With stones the canoe is submerged near the land.  
As up soars the sun and mounts higher and higher,  
He ventures to sleep, by her side, on the sand.

In deep admiration she watches his slumber,  
The sleep of a man who his foemen despises.  
Fine castles she builds in the air without number,  
While cautiously straining the cords which encumber  
Her legs and her arms. From herself she disguises  
Her joy when she fails. She keeps watch till he rises,  
Then yields herself up to the wooings of slumber.

She woke when the sun had sunk low in the west  
And found herself freed from the links which had bound her.  
The birds were melodiously soothing her rest,  
And peace and great joy were enthroned in her breast.  
For sweet was the calm of the desert around her.  
She yawned like a drowsy child, turned on her breast,  
Arose, and the arms of her captor enwound her.

Again mounts the Empress of Shades to her throne,  
To rule in her season her phantom-filled realm.  
And westward they fly as they ever have flown  
Since first he the maiden queen crowned as his own.  
He toils at the sweep, she keeps watch at the helm.  
The diamond stars stud the welkin's wide zone,  
And lonesome emotions their souls overwhelm.

Who never has camped in the wilderness wide,  
Nor ever has drifted on some mighty river,  
Has been the most rare of enjoyments denied.  
But who, with a sweetheart, no other beside,  
Whole days and whole nights, never once to dis sever,  
Where Solitude reigns, with the Oregon's tide,  
Will journey again in the future forever?

The eyes of Tum Rusa are brightened by love  
And burn through the gloom to detect signs of danger.  
"Shunkyosux!" as soft as the coo of a dove,  
Her silver voice trebles in murmurs above  
The wash of the prow. And a pitiful change her  
Sweet face undergoes as she struggles to move,  
Repeating: "Shunkyosux!" "Shunkyosux!" means "Stranger!"

And far off, a glimmer of light he discerns.  
A league is soon passed, and before them, behold!  
A bonfire of logs on each water's edge burns.  
Between them the Oregon hurries and churns  
Its eddies to amber, its ripples to gold.  
Multnomah the little canoe overturns,  
And stretched on its keel bulge on, on they are bowled.

His left arm encircled the maiden, his right  
By understrokes holds the canoe athwart stream.  
And through the broad belt of the perilous light  
They swept and were swallowed again in the night,  
And fainter behind them the bonfires now gleam.  
They drift to the shore, right the shell, put to flight,  
And think of their deed as a horrible dream.

The maiden is sick with the chill of two hours  
Afloat in the freezing floods, cold and afraid.  
With shivering thews in the bottom she cowers,  
The might of the ague her strength overpowers;  
Her teeth ring together. The chief is dismayed.  
Again on his breast the loved form he embowers,  
And chafes the lithe limbs till the shudders are stayed.

The roar of the cataract! Music divine!  
The gorge of the Oregon! Heaven on earth!  
The mountain crags forest crowned! Cedar, and pine,  
And fir, and mild southing winds racy as wine!  
The land of his fathers! The home of his birth!  
Tomorrow his triumph, when tribes will combine  
To honor his name with ovations and mirth!

The hoot of a solemn owl rings from the shore.  
Across the great stream floats an answering call.  
The maiden's hand leaps to the staff of the oar.  
They crouch to the brim and the watery floor  
Survey in the shadows' funereal pall.  
Dark objects rise spectral before him, and more  
The maiden descries 'neath the opposite wall.

On opposite rims they slip over the sides,  
And hastily slide to the round of the stem.  
He pushes the shell up the scurrying tides  
And off in the murk like a phantom it rides.  
Downstream, with long even strokes, swiftly they swim.  
He holds by her wrist, and, wherever he guides,  
Amidst the dark waters, there follows she him.

Fierce yells peal across the deep silence ere long.  
A great hush ensues. Soon the horrified pair  
Hear sinking in wailings or swelling in strong  
Outpourings of sorrow her funeral song.  
Now dread Superstition, your tortures forbear!  
The maiden is terrorized. Rising in strong,  
Spasmodic exertions, she clutches his hair.



"Tamloolo! Tamloolo!" he coaxed her, tearing  
Her clinches away with a violent twist.  
But faint is her soul and her spirits despairing.  
Destruction is staring and glaring the daring  
Multnomah in awful confrontment. But hist!  
The ripples are slopping on something; and wearing  
Around in the waters, lo! dread is dismissed.

One prong of a forest king grazes his arm,  
A sycamore reared where the geese brood their young.  
Tum Rusa shakes from her the chills of alarm,  
Recovers her courage, agility, charm,  
And soon up astride of the log she is swung.  
Erect on the mighty bole, saved from great harm,  
In one long embrace of deep joy close they clung.

They break from the loving caress awed with wonder  
That deaf they had been to the roar of the falls.  
One moment they balance, suspended in thunder,  
And plunge from the brows of the cataract under  
The seething foam shot with a speed that appalls.  
The mammoth trunk groans and strains, severs asunder,  
But sails with its burdens adown the long halls.

The Great Spirit rules! The huge tree goes astrand on  
The boulders of Memaloose. Over their souls  
A hush of awe settles, as, laying his hand on  
Her hair with light tenderness, sadly they land on  
The tomb of his fathers. The Oregon rolls  
Around it forever. Here spirits abandon  
The forms of all men at their inevitable goals.

And Mohok has gone to his fathers. His tomb  
Is trophied with symbols of honor and woe.  
And crushed by the weight of his sorrow and gloom,  
Multnomah sinks down on the stones that insume  
The dust of his sire. Sad Tum Rusa's tears flow  
As chants be the requiem. When they resume  
Their postures erect from his hands these thoughts flow:

"Ah, short is the trail of our lives; we can tarry  
Few days in our homes; we are children of sorrow.  
Ephemeral worms of the mould, oh, we bury  
Our sires at the dawn and at eve we grow merry.  
What credit has life with the grave? Can we borrow  
A day from eternity? Speak! will the ferry  
Of Death be entreated to bide till tomorrow?

"The blossoms of summer time bloom but to wither;  
The rainbow is born but to fade in its glory;  
The young and the beautiful, maiden, laugh hither  
Today, but tomorrow have vanished, say, whither?  
The tree a millennium grows, yet its hoary  
And weary head droops till destruction comes thither.  
O drear repetition! Monotonous story!

"What triumph is worth what it costs to achieve?  
What mortal of mankind his dreams realizes?  
Our hopes build our castles on bases which heave  
The structures in ruins. We agonize, grieve,  
And suffer in pain. If a son of man prizes  
A thing he possesses, misfortunes bereave.  
The wish of the soul always out of reach rises.

"The spacious globe is covered with the bones  
Of crushed ambitions—wrecks of prospects fair.  
The earth is fretted with the puny stones  
Where woe has chiseled transitory groans,  
And Hope has perished by your sword, Despair.  
Doom sets his days; and never Doom postpones  
His executions for a human's prayer.

"Why shudders the warrior to think of the coast  
Where fathomless gloom hangs so dark on the waves?  
Will Fate hear for aye his presumptuous boast  
That severed is he from his ancestral host?  
Perpetual youth, why all womankind craves?  
In Hunting Grounds Happy to wander, a ghost,  
And camp with my fathers, who sleep in these graves."

And standing before him in modest humility,  
With eloquent eyes and slow motions, she said:  
"The soul of your sire, in its royal nobility,  
Still lives, for the soul can not come to nihilism.  
One place for the living, all space for the dead.  
He sleeps the long sleep here in blissful tranquillity,  
For reigns not Multnomah in his regal stead?

"The rainbow fades truly, but not recollection;  
The wild rose falls withered, wafts on its perfume;  
The deeds of the brave, in the shrines of Affection,  
Are safe from Oblivion in her sweet protection;  
And long in your councils and battles the plume  
Of Mohok shall flourish. What names Retrospection  
Recalls in their glory from even the tomb!

"Men fall as the rain. Watch the Oregon roll!  
 It pours on forever, but not the same drops of it.  
 The race of mankind is a river. Each soul  
 A water drop runs as it rushes to goal.  
 The rain must still fall to replenish the slops of it.  
 The river of men must not ebb to a shoal,  
 Till Love fails to teach men and women the stops of it.

"Multnomah is young, but his fame as a bowman  
 Is matchless. His plumes as a war chief are won.  
 His enemies mention his name as a foeman  
 With dread. But Multnomah is mortal and human,  
 His blisses untasted, his duties undone.  
 Multnomah can range the world round and the woman  
 He beckons will blushing pledge him a son."

Oh, mortal divine, what a power galvanic  
 Resides in your delicate, strange organism!  
 Terrestrial, celestial, angelic, satanic,  
 Supernal, infernal, submissive, tyrannic,  
 Adorable, horrible—spare solecism.  
 Creation supreme of the Master Mechanic!  
 Your soul is to love as to sunbeams the prism.

The maiden's eyes drooped as the warrior athletic  
 Permitted his eyes to grow fond and inquiring.  
 A shame of her nudity sent a cosmetic  
 Rubescence in lambent waves over the pathetic  
 And shrinking form. Turning his sad but admiring  
 Eyes slowly away, all his soul energetic  
 Was stirred into action by what was transpiring.

The guard of the sepulcher rallies and closes.  
 They greet the fair captive with hideous yells.  
 Incarnadined now with the ruddiest roses,  
 Crouched low at the feet of her love she reposes,  
 And trembles with dread as the clamoring swells.  
 The haughty chief minds that no care he discloses,  
 As ordering her borne where the Tamaroose dwells.

An angel, to paradise lately ascended,  
 Accustomed to bask in its blisses refined,  
 By hideous fiends in her joys apprehended,  
 And led from the portals of glory, attended  
 By gloating exulters, would Elysium resign  
 With gazes of yearning. Tum Rusa thus wended  
 The pathway to banishment, gazing behind.

And rough were the hands that drew torturing gyves  
Around her extremities. Brutally flung  
Abroad a canoe, she courageously strives  
Coarse tauntings to scorn, till at last she arrives  
Where Castle Rock's crown in the cloud caps is hung.  
Here, hauled through the village, a howling mob drives  
Behind her, till shut has her prison doors swung.

Five days and five nights in rejoicing incessant  
Were spent by the tribes in acclaiming Multnomah.  
One beautiful night, when the moon, a young crescent,  
Surrounded by halos of clouds opalescent,  
Was floating serenely to fair Mingohomah,  
Tum Rusa law slumbering. A sweet, evanescent  
Perfume filled her nostrils, a rare, vague aroma.

She started. The prison lodge awed her with dread.  
A flickering tongue shed a weird luminosity  
Around her. The Tamaroose! stood by her bed.  
The Tamaroose! watch of the doomed and the dead!  
The glaring eyes blazed with a hellish ferocity.  
A menacing tomahawk over her head  
Is swung in the hands of the grisly monstrosity.

Five days by Multnomah neglected, the child,  
Yet woman, is sick, and despondent, and weary.  
She gazed on the trembling monster and smiled.  
By what love of life is she longer beguiled?  
Her nights are a torture, her days long and dreary.  
To die she is willing, yea, eager, ay, wild.  
She frets in the earth as the eaglet in its aerie.

A tigerish shape seemed to burst from the air  
And launch on the ghoul with astounding velocity.  
This shape and the Tamaroose writhe here and there  
In desperate struggles. The demon's eyes glare  
Upon the intruder with fell animosity.  
The shape wars the fiend with the strength of despair.  
The light falls; they fight in the deep tenebrosity.

In rushes the sentry, the noble Soosoon.  
The flare of his torch lights the scene with its glow.  
Poor Snomish lies pinioned, beginning to croon  
The death song. Homomoh, the shuddering tune  
Is choking to silence. Insufferable the blow  
To haughty and loving Soosoon. In the noon  
Of night he walks forth with his Snomish and woe.

Homomoh releases Tum Rusa. "My sister!"  
 The young wife exclaims, and the girl understands.  
 They stand face to face and their brilliant eyes glisten.  
 "She came as the Tamaroose; I, to resist her."  
 The matron explains with her eyes and her hands.  
 "Poor Snomish is jealous." "How? This warrior kissed her!"  
 "He loves her! Men bow! The Great Spirit commands!"

Soosoon kept his sweetheart enclasped to his breast  
 And waited with patience for her to grow calm.  
 "My Snomish," he whispered, with anguish repressed,  
 "Your love for Multnomah stands boldly confessed  
 By murderous jealousy. Felt you no qualm  
 To rob him of love and this maiden distressed  
 Of life? For our hearts, darling, earth knows no balm.

"Then listen! Beyond is a happy clime vernal.  
 Come, journey with me to that glorious clime.  
 We reach through the portals of death its eternal  
 Beatitudes. May be no passions infernal  
 Can trouble us in that existence sublime.  
 And may be, together, love, in that supernal  
 Abode of the soul you may love me, in time.

"Perhaps we will learn, when the journey is taken,  
 And we are encamped in that land which afar lies,  
 That life was an error here. Oh, to awaken  
 To mutual love nevermore to be shaken  
 By longings nor jealousies! Kiss me once, star eyes!  
 Forgive me, you need not. Poor, lovelorn, forsaken,  
 My Snomish! In Hunting Grounds there never are sighs!

"Far east of the mountains, far out on the plains,  
 The hunter pursues the big game in its haunts.  
 His tongue scorches dry in the terrible pains  
 Of thirst, and the agony withers his brains.  
 Gohugon makes lakes in the desert. His wants  
 Seem satisfied. On and on, ever he strains.  
 The lake still eludes him. Gohugon still taunts.

"And love was my fatal mirage! I am lost!  
 I followed the oasis since when I kissed you.  
 I still dreamed the marge of the pool might be crossed.  
 Now down in the burning sands, sweet, I have tossed  
 My weary form. Darling, I could not resist you.  
 You, sweet, are Gohugon, and death is the cost  
 Of chasing your phantom. O, love, I have missed you."

"Release me. The ache in my breast paralyzes.  
 I meditate murder, Soosoon, no more now.  
 My wicked heart no longer, my friend, disguises  
 Its hell from my soul. A new feeling baptizes  
 My being. In lowly contrition I bow.  
 Up there, on the Bridge of the Gods, friend, when rises  
 The round moon at sunset we will meet anyhow."

He loosened his arms, but his hands to her tips  
 Kept slipping along her, as she glided away.  
 The shadows envelop her. Ere long she slips  
 Again to his presence, she noiselessly trips  
 And pulls herself up, in a whisper to say:  
 "You—may—kiss—me—once—if—you—wish—on—my—lips—  
 No! Then—when—Well, half of it here, any way!"

Inside the tall guard lodge he silently stepped.  
 The girl and the woman were snugly in bed.  
 He saw that the captive contentedly slept.  
 Homomoh made gestures that vigil she kept,  
 And softly he vanished. The stars overhead  
 Were dancing the joy of his hope. And he wept,  
 And sweet to his soul were the tears that he shed.

At morning when Humyuk made search for his spouse,  
 He found her just come from the tall prison tepee.  
 He greeted the vagrant with raised wondering brows.  
 She goes to his side and demurely allows  
 Herself led away. "She was sick. I got sleepy.  
 The very idea! A guard lodge to house  
 The young bride of Humyuk! Oh, do you feel creepy?"

The council supreme of the tribes has convened.  
 The flames of the torches sink, flicker and flare.  
 The moon by a feather of vapor is screened.  
 Multnomah is present, in eagle plume preened.  
 Tum Rusa, proud, haughty, in hidden despair.  
 The Tamaroose gloats on the girl like a fiend.  
 The sachems and warriors sit stolid and stare.

Surrounding the court surge the masses potential.  
 The Clan of the Bear by Shoshoraw addresses  
 The sober tribunal. Each potent essential  
 Of eloquence uses he. Brave, influential,  
 Bloodthirsty, he feels what he fiercely expresses.  
 Contagious, infectious, unbound, pestilential,  
 The hunger for prey sways the mob as he progresses.

"Our conquering forefathers witnessed the swell  
Of flames from yon mountains when earth was a forge.  
They roamed till the world was their conquest; to quell  
And humble their foes was their glory. Our knell  
Shall never be heard. Their great charge we discharge.  
Our children, unconquered, in these haunts shall dwell  
As long as the Oregon sweeps through the gorge.

"They raced overjoyed to the battle to show men  
How courage can laugh the Avenger to scorn.  
Their arrows were thunderbolts. Woe smote the foemen  
Who ventured to war with our god-statured bowmen.  
Of women embraced by the gods they were born.  
Their sun has not set if their sons will rise, O men!  
And greet as war eagles the dawning great morn.

"The warsong of olden times—Listen! I hear it!  
These crags are still nursing its echoings hoary.  
Our fathers once stormed the wide Oregon. Near it  
Their foes lay intrenched and repulsed them. Then clear, it  
Soon flowed to the ocean waves, crimson and gory.  
The Bridge of the Gods for our sires the Great Spirit  
Erected. They made it the war trail to glory.

"Our wigwams are darkened. Our war chief is camping  
Along the worn trail to the silent Hereafter.  
Our feet the slow steps of the grave march are tramping,  
Rent arrows the door of his wigwam are clamping.  
All dark is his lodge from the robe to the rafter.  
The feet of our foes of the prairies are stamping  
In festival dances; their throats bubble laughter.

"The maiden must perish. Her soul shall go winging  
Along the dank vault of the merciless tomb.  
Around her I see the red fireflames up springing.  
Around her I see the wide whirl dance go swinging.  
Multnomah brings Mohok a victim. Doom! Doom!  
The spirit of Mohok shall hear her soul singing  
And know that the tribes of our foes are in gloom.

"The gods of our fathers a sacrifice claim.  
The steam of boiled blood and the smoke of burnt brains  
Arise as sweet incense and smell in the frame  
Of heaven. The Great Spirit, ever the same,  
Shall sniff of the offering with joy where he reigns.  
Multnomah! The name in tradition shall flame  
As long as the silver moon waxes and wanes.

"Our fathers drank blood in the grand times of yore;  
 Their foes fled before them, despairing, heart-broken.  
 Our gods by propitiate libations of gore  
 No more we appease and we conquer no more.  
 The skies give no sign for we offer no token.  
 The torture stake waits for her groans. Pass the score.  
 The Tamaroose yearns for his charge. I have spoken."

True eloquence bourgeons and fruits in the throng.  
 The heart throb of masses is real oratory.  
 Who stands for the right, or supports the dark wrong,  
 By smiting the chords sympathetic of strong  
 Opinion or wish gains the garlands of glory.  
 Sweet tongues can from hell learn a burden of song,  
 While man is a savage Fame's list will look gory.

Multnomah stood dumb, his inscrutable face  
 Betraying no sign of dissent or assent.  
 A silence oppressive hung over the place.  
 Tum Rusa posed proud in her willowy grace,  
 Her roaming dark eyes on the audience bent.  
 And then Pandemonium reigned. Dome to base  
 The welkin by clamors for torture was rent.

The Red Man had spoken with tongue, face, form, hands,  
 By motions suggestive, by glances of fire.  
 Tum Rusa had followed. She well understands  
 The frenzy that maddens the blood craving bands.  
 She glanced at her love and her lover, while higher  
 The tumult kept raging. His aspect commands  
 A hope in her bosom that will not expire.

Soosoon, as a panther to ravening flies,  
 Now leaps to the side of the maiden. "My sister!"  
 He roared, and the bedlam was hushed in surprise.  
 "My sister! I claim her! Our code justifies  
 The claim of affection. My sister!" He kissed her.  
 "I champion the child! Mark! The enemy dies  
 Who pants for her blood! My soul could not resist her."

Shoshoraw was first to demand, and received,  
 The right to dispute the adoption by battle.  
 Now labored the breath of Multnomah and heaved  
 His mighty heart. Snomish in agony grieved.  
 The multitudes surged round the warriors like cattle.  
 By death must the triumph when won be achieved,  
 The prize is the life of the nude human chattel.



Shoshoraw, gigantic, and seasoned in war,  
Above his antagonist towered in size.  
His visage demoniac, by war paint and scar  
Disfigured, dehumanized, smiles of scorn wore.  
The youthful Soosoon with his adversary vies  
In perfect physique. With a rush and a jar  
They clinch in the grapple where life is the prize.

The ring of onlookers has broadened. The lines  
Inside are prone, others kneel, more stand behind.  
The circle the girl with the fighters confines.  
No diamond ever was dug from the mines  
That shone as her eyes shone; they dazzle, they blind.  
She watches the struggle. No witness divines  
The purpose that burns in the depths of her mind.

The struggle proceeds. Human flesh in their grips  
Is crushed to a tumor of blood. From their teeth  
In grins of ferocity curl back their lips.  
The sweat pours in streams from their shoulders and hips.  
Hoarse whistles through nostrils distended the breath  
Of each straining warrior. The agile girl trips  
Aside from the whirls of the wager of death.

The strength of Shoshoraw must tell at the close.  
At hand is the end of the desperate fight.  
A clutch gets his throat and Soosoon dizzy grows.  
His eyes leave their sockets. Blood spouts from his nose.  
The soul from his shape is preparing for flight.  
Shoshoraw's freed hand swings in trip hammer blows,  
And Snomish flies shrieking and fades in the night.

Tum Rusa has crouched like a leopard and flung  
Her weight with one spring on Shoshoraw's huge shoulders.  
Unerring her hands to his visage are swung,  
His eyes feel her fingers probe deeply; and stung  
With horrible pain he goes down. The beholders  
Stare mesmerized. Death on their voices seems hung.  
The hate that could tear limb from limb only smoulders.

"Hold still!" a vast voice like a trumpet rings loud.  
Multnomah steps forward, his hand swung on high.  
"Shoshoraw shall judge. Thus Multnomah has vowed.  
Shoshoraw shall judge." This keeps quiet the crowd.  
"Shoshoraw shall judge. Was she sister? Reply!  
If sister, adopted, her deed was allowed.  
If sister not, surely the maiden shall die!

Sweet child, what a beautiful, bountiful world  
Comes sliding, goes gliding, along like a dream!  
What grand panoramas before you unfurled!  
What rare cycloramas behind you are whirled!  
The sunbeams aglance on the Oregon gleam  
As silvers the lovelight the waves which are curled  
By zephyrs of peace on your life's noble stream.

And once when the oarblade was resting a term  
He pinched her bared arm with tormenting design.  
She wriggled and writhed in his legs like a worm,  
And spurned the rude touch with a petulant squirm.  
In fury pretended his flashing eyes tine,  
And raising her roughly, and holding her firm,  
He tasted again her ripe lips' ruby wine.

Her joy she dissembled in hot indignation,  
Pretending her blushes were flushes of rage.  
Revived by the kiss and the sweet stimulation,  
He bent to his work with a grim desperation,  
And left her in day dreams again to engage.  
And love was the theme of her rapt meditation,  
And youth is the golden—the one golden—age.

The sun was just tipping the rim of the billows  
Of sand when the girl made a violent start.  
He looked, and far east, where the radiance mellowed  
The tumultuous masses of floating cloud pillows,  
Are columns of smoke, understood by his art.  
An island is near him, and under its willows  
He shoots the canoe with the speed of a dart.

"Interpret those signals!" by signs he commands.  
She answered: "The tongue of the smoke is not short.  
The Red Man, who catches the fish on the sands,  
As far as the mountains, the tongue understands.  
Our braves will be waiting your flight to abort.  
Our hunters are scattered. The bows in their hands  
Are strong. Their sharp arrows your triumph will thwart."

"Multnomah!" he answered, with infinite pride,  
And swung his right hand to his heart to attest it.  
"Multnomah!" she panted. "Multnomah!" she cried.  
And then with a pleasure she cared not to hide  
She blurted her name ere she thought to arrest it.  
His wild exultation all effort defied  
To keep it concealed, for his manner expressed it.

"My children. Affection scorns bonds as the storm,  
 My children. Soosoon has no fault but his love,  
 My children. Around me old memories swarm,  
 My children. A vision my old heart makes warm,  
 My children. Our war clans wide conquering rove,  
 My children. They follow Multnomah's tall form,  
 My children. The Great Spirit smiles from above,

"My children. Shoshoraw is mighty and stern,  
 My children. Soosoon is intrepid, but young,  
 My children. Domestic hate must no more burn,  
 My children. Your ire on our foes must you turn,  
 My children. Your Tamaroose wags a just tongue,  
 My children. Multnomah, the council adjourn!  
 My children, our war chief shall keep her. Choo mung!"

Soosoon flung himself with his face to the ground  
 To cover the triumph he could not conceal.  
 Multnomah crossed over, impassively bound  
 His arm round her shoulders, gazed calmly around,  
 And ended the council. His actions reveal  
 No hint of the bliss that has suddenly crowned  
 His life with such joy. The hushed throngs homeward steal.

Ah, maiden! in his lodge, in gloom immersed,  
 How stoops the brave in trembling arms to catch you!  
 How kisses rain to quench the raging thirst!  
 Simoons of passion, on you how they burst!  
 How stiff and cold you are in arms that snatch you!  
 How passive, sweetheart! Stone at best and worst!  
 Such fire of love might thaw a brazen statue!

How license took his loving hands that durst  
 In volar osculations stroke and pat you!  
 Nor blench nor yield you, darling. Sung, rehearsed,  
 The song, the tale, of passion; yet, as first  
 You were, you are: an idol stone might match you.  
 And now he wakens; shrinks as if accursed;  
 And drops you—staggers from you—shudders at you.

He coaxes the coals in the pit till they flame,  
 And lays a few sticks to keep burning the blaze.  
 Now, gazing upon him, girl, bitterly blame  
 Your heart for misjudging and shrink in your shame,  
 Yet, womanlike, sting with your weapon that slays.  
 With gestures contemptuous and scornful looks frame  
 The taunt you may rue to the end of your days.

"Your people are wolves. And they howled as that beast  
Yelped hot for my blood. I abhor you with hisses.

My brother took ruth as the ravings increased.

You skulked with your packs. You were neutral at least.  
You stirred not to snatch him from death's deep abysses.

All risk past, you sneak here on lewd love to feast.  
You sicken, insult me with cowardly kisses."

Hell yawned to disgorge from its brimstony deeps  
A legion of tempters to tear him asunder.

Dark Murder, blood-dabbled, seductively sweeps

Before him. Fell Torture his company keeps.

Wild Hate yells his rage in the accents of thunder.

Brute Ravishment pale in his intellect creeps.

He conquers them all and he tramples them under.

"Multnomah! forgive me and love me once more!

I perjured myself, by Resentment suborned.

I love you! I idolize! worship! adore!

[whore!

Your queen, king! Your wife, man! Your sweetheart, love!  
Oh, anything, anything, love, love adorned!

Caress me! Embrace me! Love! must I implore,

A woman, overpowered by Passion, and scorned?"

This coaxing entreaty, this passionate prayer,  
She voiced by her acts, without audible sound.

She sprang to his bosom, clung nestlingly there,

His arm drew around her, tall, beautiful, bare,

Tiptoed, with hot kisses his sulking mouth crowned,

Embraced him, and bit him, sweet, daring deeds rare,  
And hurled her sweet shape on the pitiless ground.

He lifted her gently. A mother will lift

Her babe with the same deft considerate care.

On robes 'neath the lodge poles, as soft as a drift

That forms when the snow feathers airily sift

From winter skies, left he the damsel so fair.

Her eyes, large and bright as fine stars in a rift  
Of clouds, seek his soul with a hungering stare.

He reached for a thong which hung coiled on a hook.

She sped like a swallow and weighed down his arm.

"A princess! A queen am I! Bind me not! Look!"

Like palsy the hands on his nervous arm shook.

"Tum Rusa will fly not, nor work herself harm.

She swears, by the dust of her fathers, to brook  
Her sentence resigned." And he bowed to her charm.

The soul of the eagle can never despond.  
She crept to her couch and in slumber divested  
Her brain of its troubles. In Dreamland she conned  
Unutterable wooings and coquetries fond  
Once more to restore those relations which rested  
Till lately so stably on love. And she donned  
A garb at the dawn and stole forth unmolested.

She baked for his breakfast his salmon and roe.  
Her efforts to labor she offered to lend,  
But me a rebuff from the squaws. To and fro  
She wandered disconsolate. Many bestow  
Cold eyes on Multnomah for risking to lend  
Her freedom. And yet ere the sunset's red glow,  
She made one devoted, stanch, powerful friend.

He strode through the door of the lodge like a prince,  
Six-year-old, tall, proud, bold, and naked as could be;  
His hair dyed in midnight, his skin showing glints  
Of copper and gold, with the rich scarlet tints  
Of young blood below it; unshamed as he should be;  
A bow in one hand, in the other twain flints—  
A king in embryo, not would-be, but would be!

He stopped in surprise—attitude of a god!  
Their eyes on each other in sympathy bend.  
She made the first overtures, sweet smiles, a nod;  
And forward, with cordial responses, he trod.  
They both crave warm sympathy—both need a friend.  
Outside a firm step on the carpet of sod—  
She flirts up the rug, he dives under the end.

And in marched Shoshoraw, as startling a sight  
As might be encountered in many a long day.  
A wound in his face trickled blood. With delight  
He smeared it about him. His face was a fright.  
His throat and his chest were the field of a fray.  
Multnomah made signals as swift as he might,  
And grimly the terrible man walked away.

The youth from concealment crawled forth on all fours.  
His father, Shoshoraw, departing, he saw.  
By signs to Tum Rusa: "I shoot some indoors.  
Shoshoraw is pleased at my target-made scores,  
Puts leaf stem in mouth, I the bowstring, thus, draw,  
The nasty old knot slips, the stupid point bores  
A big bloody hole in the skin of his jaw."

"Be sure that Tum Rusa blames not the fine boy  
For leaving his home. She is sure he can do it.

You practice it here where no one can annoy.

Go, shoot! See, my mouth holds a leaf." Wild with joy  
He backed off, took aim, and the shaft whistled through it.

"Success should the stigma of failure destroy!"

She smiled and concluded: "You could and I knew it!"

Turgescient with pride, he caught hold of her wrist,  
And hauled her along down the wide village square.

However reluctant, she would not resist,

For mauger all ridicule, even if hissed,  
To do the lad's wishes resolves she to dare.

The hues of the poppies her features have kissed  
When they reach his home, and Shoshoraw is there.

And down on the floor he compels her to squat.  
He measures six straddles away to position.

The leaf never quivers. He hauls on the spot.

Now drawn to the head, the momentous test shot  
Is sped with the vaunt of a marksman magician.

Dead center the dart clips the after-torn slot,  
And big swells the bowman with sated ambition.

The urchin, Shushuyuk, came often to talk  
And romp with the captive Tum Rusa. One night  
As near her he passed in his proud stately walk  
She caught him. He struggled, attempting to balk  
Her aim, but she kissed him, embarrassed him quite  
By squeezings and motherings. Away like a hawk  
He flew, when she loosed him, and vanished from sight.

Multnomah had witnessed. The infinite yearnings  
Expressed smote within him an answering chord.

The hunger, the thirst, and the hopeless heart burnings,

The bitter remonstrances, violent spurnings,  
Which warred in her bosom in his bosom warred.

These cravings of spirits in earthly sojournings  
Are Statutes of Nature—are Laws of the Lord.

She bounced from the carpet and rushed to the door.  
The full moon—in half a moon more she must perish!

Divine, but essentially human, she wore,

Ethereal, yet voluptuously woman, she bore,  
Nubility's glories and charms. "Love and cherish!"

His soul the electric edict reads as pour  
The moonbeams upon her effulgent yet garish.

The Awful Voice roared in her ears, "You are doomed!"  
 The sweet face grew wistful and wan and distressed.  
 The same dreadful sentence in his hearing boomed.  
 One moment her form in the radiance loomed,  
 The next she had flung herself down on his breast.  
 Cold Winter has wafted, warm Summer has bloomed,  
 Now, Lucifer, Hesperus, tarry—"Kook Whest!"

Just cozily couched, her face tingling with kisses,  
 Trim, sylphine, and languorous, squeezed and caressed,  
 She sprang with a jump from the bower of blisses,  
 In mind disconcerted, disheveled in tresses,  
 And groped to the entrance to welcome her guest.  
 He sees she is dressed for a plunge in abysses  
 Of sleep, or, in other words, sees her undressed.

The lovers who loiter to talk in the gloaming  
 Count even the nightingale's warbling a pest.  
 The maiden who sees her serenader come roaming  
 To sing at her window is sad that the combing  
 And lulling waves sound while he tunes her his best.  
 Some other time sweeter to her than the foaming  
 Wine tastes to the bibber would sound his "Kook Whest!"

She kneels down before him fond greetings to smile.  
 Her first kiss he shrank from, but now he wants more of them.  
 He looked at her great glossy tresses awhile,  
 Where lustrous they tumbled upon her, a pile  
 Of ebon silk, twirled in his hand three or four of them,  
 And signed: "I have come to sleep with you!" Sans guile,  
 Sans garb, and sans shame. Kisses? Surely! A score of them!

Multnomah could hear their soft laughter, suppressed,  
 The flirt and the flounder, the flounce and the giggle.  
 The kisses he knew were by proxy addressed  
 To him. But a kiss by a deputy—whest!  
 Vicarious squeezes! No wonder you wriggle!  
 They tickle, they tease; and they jumble, they jest;  
 They wrestle, they romp, they writhe, wiggledy jiggle.

But Morpheus soon seals their lids. Even in sleep  
 Her ruby lips coo in devotion's somniloquy.  
 Unlocalized, drowsy, the murmurings creep  
 And croon through the umbery demigloom's deep,  
 Much smacking of weird but unstudied ventriloquy.  
 The warrior still clings on the brink of the steep  
 Of Slumberland, drinking her jargon soliloquy.

"Multnomah, I hurl myself into your arms!  
 Remember, in half a moon more I must die, dear!  
 The River of Death! how it founders and barms!  
 Compassionate, love, be seduced by my charms!  
 You could, if you would, and you should, love me! Try, dear!  
 My heart is a frigid tarn; nevermore warms  
 The solar caloric of love its deeps. Why, dear?

"The length of a life is not measured in years;  
 One moment of love may epitomize ages.  
 The ocean of woe is not fathomed by tears;  
 The cruellest blows do not scourge us from biers;  
 Remorse is the throe that no remedy suages,  
 'The happiness CAUSED in our mortal careers!'  
 By that the Great Judge of Eternity gauges.

"O, dreams of my girlhood, forever farewell!  
 Existence, Existence, with treasures so rife,  
 Farewell! This brief moon tolls my funeral knell.  
 Vain sobs of regret have no virtue to quell  
 The monster which shuts off the fountains of life.  
 But darling, time bides yet, though fleeting the spell,  
 To make me a sweetheart, a bride, and your wife!"

The night to a rosy red finish has worn.  
 Roriferous breezes are rousing the birds.  
 Tum Rusa is laughing, yet yonder the bourn  
 Is seen where the soul from the body is torn.  
 He watches their language flow on without words.  
 She laughs in rich melody. Ought she to mourn?  
 Love's bowl being drained, come, Death, smite it to sherds.

Soosoon, from the combat, repaired to the springs  
 Which boiled near the village. Medicinal mud,  
 Secured from the steaming hot quagmires, soon brings  
 The sting from his wounds. All the gore stain that clings  
 About him he laves in the simmering flood.  
 Then off to find Snomish, his soul on the wings  
 Of joy, and the lyric of love in his blood.

She heard the great shout of Multnomah that stilled,  
 Before they had broken, the gathering storms.  
 The sound served to thaw the cold horror that chilled  
 Her bosom; she paused in her maddened flight, filled  
 With hope. As he sought her she sprang to his arms.  
 "My loved one! my love! I believed you were killed!"  
 She sobbed as in clasps he enveloped her charms.



Rare oint for his wounds, a rich brew from love's bowl,  
And balm for his heart, her sweet womanly care  
Administered. Thrice the wide star pictures roll  
In broad revolutions encircling the pole,  
And then in the gloaming they clamber the stair  
That winds up the Bridge of the Gods. In her soul  
She knows what she goes to have offered her there.

Girl, where are you going? Girl, what are you doing?  
These questions propounded themselves to her heart.  
Now under her brows she intently is viewing  
Her stalwart bethrothed and remembering the wooing  
That other time here on this height. With a start  
Of terror she stopped, and rebellion is brewing.  
"To cherish each other till death us shall part."

The solemn thought whispered itself in her ears.  
Again her fair hands to his hold she surrendered.  
Strange animal! gone are the tremors and fears.  
"I love you!" she babbled, with laughter and tears,  
And faced him with courage that love had engendered.  
Her tremblings were tremblings of blisses, not fears.  
As sweetly she raised for the kiss that he tendered.

Meander they slowly the cloud-kissing road;  
Youth's treasury bulges with bullions of time.  
Exalted in spirits, on pinions they rode.  
The universe throbs with a palpitant ode,  
Melodious in rhythm, paradisaean in rhyme.  
An ode? Say an epic! Grand symphonies flowed  
From choirs in the crystalline, wondrous, sublime.

"Behold, this is hallowed ground; here were we pledged."  
The citadel trembles, expecting the storm.  
"Here hazarded Passion its wings fully fledged  
To spread on the deeps of joy's ocean unedged.  
Come home to my heart, love. My Snomish! My charm!"  
For pearls of entreaty his mind sea he dredged  
And hung them in strands on her glorious form.

"Oh, please, no!" He staggered away from the blow.  
"Soosoon, you are grand! I am wicked and mean!  
My heart is uncertain. Forgive me if woe  
I cause you, but darling, I think, ah, I know,  
I yearn yet to marry Multnomah, his queen.  
My heart is a shuttlecock banged to and fro.  
My darling Soosoon—what a mystical scene!

"Quit looking so sad! Will you, sweetheart? Do, please!  
Observe how the moon mirrors there on the stream.

The winds seem to grieve in these evergreen trees;  
Those billowy clouds are like swells on the seas.  
On Castle Rock see how the beacon lights gleam!

Sit down, love, and I will come loll on your knees,  
And tell you a vision I saw in a dream.

"I stood on the Bridge of the Gods. Ah, behold!  
The vista of ages to come is before me.

The billows of conquest are steadily rolled  
Along by our armies triumphant and bold.  
Now freezes my blood, and deep shudders crawl o'er me.

I weep in my trance and my pulses are cold:  
'Gaze not on the scene,' some sad voices implore me.

"Torn down are the veils of futurity. Lo!

The Conqueror comes and Destruction before him.

I lift up mine eyes where the east is aglow—  
The White Man! He comes on the world's edge. Woe! woe!  
The Thunder God talks in the clouds to adore him.

Mut Squam hy Wisokok Tamoosish uh Sho!  
The Red Men are blasted and withered before him.

"Enough now. I know you can not comprehend  
Me, darling. (Your pain cuts my heart like a knife.)

I know not myself, love. Would you condescend  
To want such a thing for your closer than friend?

Yet, dear, if you must risk your pleasure in life,  
And dare all the torments that trouble can lend,  
Why, here I am; take me, and make me your wife!"

Now rampant suggestions amuck in her skull  
Run riot; the heart in her bosom sounds hollow.

"The kernel you keep, sweet, and offer the hull,"

His eyes seem to say; he looks helpless and dull.  
She suddenly dashes away like a swallow.

And striving to deaden his anguish and lull  
The pain in his bosom, he started to follow.

She came back to meet him, her chin on her breast.  
"Soosoon, I am miserable! Sobs suffocate me!

Before I set out from the village I dressed  
My hair for my nuptials, my form to be pressed  
In bridal embraces; I meant you should mate me.

I love you, I know, but I feel so distressed;  
Quit loving me, darling, and hate me, yes, hate me!"

"You willful, impulsive, emotional girl!  
 I love you! This says so, and this does, and this does!  
 I would not give one of these tresses that curl  
 Upon your sweet shoulders for worlds. Bid me hurl  
 Myself down the steep and see what the abyss does  
 To daunt me. O, beautiful, beautiful, pearl!  
 I love you! This says so, this kiss does, my bliss does!"

Multnomah is puzzled. Tum Rusa is doing  
 Her best to evade him, elude, tantalize him.  
 Fair wooed and fond wooer enraptured with wooing!  
 Pursued and pursuer entranced with pursuing!  
 To find her one moment alone she defies him.  
 Parboiled in the kettle wherein he is stewing,  
 One chance for a respite she archly denies him.

He dotes her pout mouth with a longing unbearable,  
 So near yet so far, brain-deranging bonanza!  
 Ah, modesty! maiden shy! flirt incomparable!  
 His hunger is sore, but your yearning is terrible;  
 So trifle, allure, and repel: the last stanza  
 Of torment's libretto reads sometime, and sharable  
 With you is his fret at this extravaganza.

On pedestal, statuesque, posed as Propriety,  
 She stands and ignites him with queenly decorum.  
 And chaperoned ever, by stately sobriety  
 And dignified actions her single society  
 She makes more desirable. Pulpit and forum  
 May eloquence pour till it floods to satiety;  
 But give him one session with her and love's quorum!

The precious time wastes with rapidity terrific  
 As dallies the girl. Worry is furrowing his forehead.  
 One morning he startled her with a specific  
 Request for her company, O beautific  
 Proposal, out hunting; heart hunger is horrid.  
 Rare visions of rapture her soul teems prolific  
 As nods she; her sweet breath comes gusty and torrid.

A little sly smile sprinkles dimples and coignes  
 About her sweet face in its innocent purity,  
 As bringing a stout thong demurely she joins  
 Her wrists on each other just over her loins  
 And waits till he knots them with careful security.  
 A finch snaps together her mouth's ivory quoins  
 As strokes once his hand her arm's rounded maturity.

Multnomah heads moody and glum the procession,  
Tum Rusa behind him, Shushuyuk the tail end.

They brook him along as an artless digression  
To love's sweet arraignment and sweeter confession;  
An interlude he will to pleasure's soft lay lend;  
The sweets the brave gets from his tempting possession  
The flavor of stolen sweets his presence may lend.

O, metamorphosis! the blest opportunity!  
Shushuyuk has vanished, a pheasant's brood chasing.

The maiden is bound and the man with impunity  
Purloins from her treasures in perfect immunity.  
His chance and his charm he at once is embracing,  
Their lips coalesce and their souls flow in unity;  
The pathways of Eden their spirits are tracing.

"At last, dear, how kind, sweet! thus aye kind and good be.  
I must thank you—thank you, I must." And he thanked her.

"I could not believe that so cruel you would be  
Forever, love. Sweet, you are sweet as you should be."  
With seraphim surely his reverence ranked her.

"But you have been cruel, mine, cruel as could be!  
I must spank you—spank you, I must." And he spanked her.

The skies are the bluest when hearts are enamored.  
The world is the fairest when life reaches June.

Betrothals are truest when vision is glamored  
By youth—when the Midas Touch—Passion—has hammered  
The idols of dross into gold, rust immune.

For youth in perpetuity aeons have clamored,  
Then love songs are sweetest; then breasts throb in tune.

And maiden, farewell to your flowery May time,  
For merges its close into bowery June.

Adieu to the dreams of life's rapturous play time,  
The grandeur of girlhood, the joys of the gay time  
When day broke too late and night settled too soon.  
These long merry days that you hustle away, Time,  
The after years crave as your blessedest boon.

What matters the place when the heart is in pawn?  
Environment counts no grave ills to annoy it.

They wend their way aimless. An innocent fawn  
They spy a short bowshot away. Taut is drawn  
The terrible string in a trice to destroy it.

"Wecutto!" the maiden pleads, touching his brawn.  
"Love, life is so sweet; let it live, to enjoy it."

The formidable bow is withdrawn. O, felicity!  
 His nature, his instinct, her sovereignty own.  
 Dumbfounded, Shushuyuk eyes this eccentricity  
 With angry impatience. Excuse his complicity  
 In such a proceeding. His arrow has flown.  
 But bear grease on fingers and bowstring—lubricity—  
 A slip—and the missile collides with a stone.

Archangel of Earth, Discontent, you the Trinity  
 Commissions the Prodrome of all Revolutions.  
 You prick at the soul to aspire to divinity.  
 You quicken the spirit to pant for infinity.  
 The cornerstones lay you of grand institutions;  
 You megaphone down to mankind, "This vicinity  
 Is lowly. Arise, to magnificent prosecutions!"

The mortal is torpid who tastes satisfaction  
 Of any ambition this side of the gloom  
 Of change. Man must stagnate or die by inaction.  
 Expansion suspended mind suffers contraction.  
 The amaranth life should be known by its bloom;  
 The law of the cosmic creation is action.  
 The laurel grows nowhere this side of the tomb.

The wrath of Shushuyuk from violence sinks  
 To sulkiness. Following Tum Rusa, he eyes her  
 And meditates vengeance. He touches her, winks.  
 With crafty steps paces behind her, and thinks  
 With joy of his wit as he deftly unties her.  
 She springs on the chief and around his neck links  
 Her arms. With feigned rage he proceeds to chastise her.

He swings her in front and so viciously squeezes  
 Her ribs that she squeals and he spans her for squealing.  
 He snaps at her lips but his hold never freezes;  
 He stoops to her throat and voraciously seizes  
 A bite of her satin skin. Shrieking, appealing, -  
 The child dances round them. The warrior appeases  
 His ire and his hunger, his passion concealing.

The delicate shape of a maiden is built  
 To suffer such punishment—laugh at it merely.  
 The boy thinks the girl is beginning to wilt.  
 A blossom so crushed, but the motive is guilt  
 That shrivels her down and abashes her so queerly.  
 She feels impudicity's blush from the tilt—  
 Ashamed of herself and her transports—sincerely.

How easy can Cupid suggest fine excuses!  
 Her fetters removed, he must hold her, perforce.  
 How easy life's nectar to drain from its cruses,  
 How easy to squeeze from love's orange its juices!  
 When butler and vintner the rapine indorse!  
 When both of her daedal hands claim the child's uses  
 In play games her waist is her handle, of course.

What poems, what music, what statues, what deeds!  
 Serbonian quicksands of procrastination,  
 Your treacherous tophets engulf as time speeds!  
 What empires are swallowed! what heroes, what creeds!  
 Are sunk in your bottomless mires, O, degradation  
 Of mankind! What men and what women wear weeds  
 For lives worse than wasted in your captivation!

The condor essays the void altitudes rare  
 And sleeps in empyrean cold on his wings.  
 Far better to build cloud-capped castles in air  
 Than never to build anything anywhere.  
 The oak from the acorn cup heavenward springs.  
 The throat of the bulbul would silver chords bear  
 No more if she sang not the songs that she sings.

When life has passed noon we gaze back with regret  
 And luscious fruits see that we passed without tasting.  
 We know that they stooped as we passed them to let  
 Us pluck them; we know that we wanted them, yet  
 They hang there forever passed, withering, wasting.  
 Ah, well, we remember them, would not forget  
 Them, neither, for they will be sweet everlasting.

So many we gathered and gormandized ashes  
 Became in our mouths let us joy that a few  
 We passed unmolested. The cool calabashes  
 We filled where the fountain of pleasure purls, plashes,  
 How many were nectar? How many were rue?  
 The Apple of Eden was sweet till the gashes  
 Of lusting teeth poisoned its juicy pulp through.

Crepuscular Sorcerer, surely the gratitude  
 Of lovers you justly may claim as your due;  
 Full many a delightful, delectable attitude  
 Is struck in the sanction of your winking latitude,  
 That sober refulgence would straightly eschew:  
 "I love you!" can tremble in many a sweet platitude;  
 "I want you!" can likewise in eke not a few.

The boy made the coy maid return with avidity  
 The kisses he kissed on the bloom of her mouth.  
 When Cupid is sceptred he smothers cupidity;  
 Moreover, to hoard even sweets is stupidity;  
 What needs irrigation where never comes drouth?  
 And odorless gales that blow over aridity  
 May cargoes of redolence bring from the south.

At dewfall they home came. The maiden capricious,  
 Became irresponsible, aloof, melancholy.  
 The stroll, the communion, the junkets delicious,  
 The dream sweet embraces, the joys surreptitious,  
 Seem cycles old. Ah! the futility—folly—  
 And pity—of bliss at the tomb! Avaricious  
 Of life for the sake of love, yet—nesco wahly.

Her mind was perplexed. She could note the seditious  
 And menacing thoughts that were leavening the tribes.  
 Her foes were too tranquil, his friends too officious;  
 Inveterate hatred and envy malicious  
 The popular mind from such leaven imbibes.  
 Multnomah's suspected attachment her vicious  
 And strong opposition to witchcraft ascribes.

The darkness grew palpable. Tangible fog  
 Hung low on the river. Shushuyuk was gone.  
 Tum Rusa, with soft expectation agog,  
 Divested of raiment and trinket and tog,  
 Is gently abducted. Not suffered to don  
 Her garments she seizes them up. And they jog  
 Along to the river, embark, and sail on.

His kiss says, I love you. Her tremble replies.  
 Her breast is aflutter, her blood is aflow.  
 Her language is foreign, he laughs when she tries  
 To argue. She scolds him, she kisses him, sighs.  
 His meaning, Be mine! he compels her to know.  
 And dumb in perplexity, helpless she lies,  
 Too coy to say Yes, and too fond to say No!

In Memphian gloom they are lonesomely buried.  
 In Memphian gloom is the ardent suit pressed.  
 In Memphian gloom they are noiselessly ferried.  
 In Memphian gloom they are silently carried.  
 In Memphian gloom she permits his conquest.  
 In Memphian gloom they are lovingly married.  
 In Memphian gloom man and wife are caressed.

The roar of Kotitok! They steer by the sound.  
 They beach the canoe and the thicket they thread.  
 They clamber the towering crag forest crowned,  
 And there in the gloom and the thunder profound,  
 The bride to the Bower of Hymen is led.  
 Her long braided tresses are slowly unbound  
 And under her shoulders luxuriously spread.

A Zephyr blows out of the south and the mist  
 Is swept from the gorge and goes sailing away.  
 Afar up above them Kotitok is kissed  
 By starlight, down by them the waters are hissed,  
 And far down below them the spouts go to spray.  
 The bride for a little while lingers to list  
 To what the grand cataract's wraith has to say.

Supine, she looks up to the great silent stars.  
 "They watch us!" she coos. "Well, they wink at our blisses!"  
 The galaxy spans with its nebulous bars  
 The mighty dome; pageants of shadowy cars  
 Roll smoothly along through the boundless abysses.  
 But senses are merged; panting ecstasy mars  
 Extraneous views in the rapture of kisses.

Ah, virgin novitiates! Oh, recent initiates!  
 The nuptial arcanum, bisexual biunity,  
 Is mystery still, though affection officiates  
 To fend from the stain of the venom that vitiates  
 The fountains that well in unchaste opportunity.  
 However, the trial to solve it propitiates  
 The principle, Life, in connubial community.

The last day of grace for Tum Rusa expired.  
 No symptom of terror her bearing displays.  
 As dark as her foemen sardonic desired  
 The inky night fell as the daylight retired.  
 The dread preparations she calmly surveys.  
 The firewood prepared, and the kindling required,  
 Are piled round the torture-stake ready to blaze.

Encouraged and soothed by her warrior's embraces,  
 She waits with impatience the time to arrive.  
 Undressed, in the glory of youth and the graces  
 Of beauty bewildering, she treads and retraces  
 The length of their home, then bounds back to revive  
 The blisses of loving caresses. In races  
 Shushuyuk appalled. They to calm him contrive.



The bride and the bridegroom a lingering farewell  
Exchange and the chieftain repairs to his post.  
He raises his hand in a gesture to quell  
The wild acclamations that rumble and swell  
Spontaneous and deep from the turbulent host.  
He speaks to the Tamaroose—utters the knell  
Of doom for his wife with the voice of a ghost.

The Tamaroose starts, but a wild, frenzied cry  
Is raised by Shushuyuk, who resists at her door.  
He heaves back a bolt to the flint to let fly,  
Tum Rusa destroys it; his bow swings on high,  
And showers of blows on the Tamaroose pour.  
The Tamaroose strikes with a long-practiced eye,  
And covers the face of the urchin with gore.

The crafty old dotard had not lived in vain  
Ten decades; he knew human nature too well.  
Regret wrung his heart as he dealt the boy pain.  
Tum Rusa took up the limp champion to rain  
Her kisses and tears on his face. With a yell  
Remonstrant, Shoshoraw attempted to gain  
Release from the throngs that raved round like a hell.

Multnomah confronted Shoshoraw. "Make room!"  
The giant cried hoarsely, his eyes blazing wild.  
"Shoshoraw pronounced for the maiden her doom.  
Shoshoraw reverses his judgment. The tomb  
Is shut by my hands, friends." The Tamaroose smiled.  
My boy claims his sister this beauteous Bloom  
Of the Prairie; his sister is surely my child."

Multnomah allowed him to pass. Through the crowd  
He ploughed like an avalanche. Up in his arms  
He hoisted Tum Rusa. She meekly allowed  
Herself to be lifted and modestly bowed  
Her chin on her breast in humility's charms.  
Soosoon and sweet Snomish their friendship avowed.  
Homomoh and Humyuk advance their bold forms.

As first in the distance the low sullen roar  
Betokens the gathering winds of the air,  
A hum like the welter of waves on the shore  
Is heard in the masses, to swell more and more,  
And culminate soon, as the Clan of the Bear  
The battle yell raises. The clansmen outpour  
Their souls in the tumult and kindred declare.

And Snomish hauls down from Shoshoraw's huge shoulder  
The naked wife, gathers a robe round her waist,  
'Looks round on the hesitant throngs and grows bolder,  
Approaches Multnomah, her breast growing colder,  
And gives him his love. As the form is embraced  
With fervor, the passions of Snomish, that smoulder  
In secret, blaze forth, and she cowers, disgraced.

As sidelong she glances, Soosoon gets her eyes,  
His features convulsive with pity and pain.  
In guilty shame crimsoned too deep to disguise  
Her secrets, she gropes to his presence, the dyes  
Of shame growing deeper and darker in stain.  
"Tomorrow! The Bridge of the Gods!" Weary sighs  
He hears in her whispers and pities in vain.

"Attend!" says Multnomah. "This general session  
Convened for a purpose, a purpose well known.  
Give ear! Let Multnomah make open confession  
In public assembly a heinous transgression.  
This girl is my wife! I am here to atone  
The crime, alien marriage. Get not the impression  
I crave you the torture to spare or postpone.

"I stood as a hostage. I bind to the stake  
This captive the Tamaroose gave to my care.  
My heart had grown thirsty. I ventured to slake  
That thirst at the fountain of love for the sake  
Of love. We the bliss shared, the agonies will share.  
My heart stands here bound to the stake, but I make  
No murmur at justice, for mercy no prayer.

"I think the Great Spirit directed my feet.  
He gave me my idol, he smiled when I kissed her.  
He caused me to love her, my breast filled replete  
With rapture. Love maddened my heart and it beat  
With hunger so keen that I could not resist her.  
A wife in our wigwams I never could meet;  
Each dame is my mother; each daughter, my sister.

"Behold! I am ready these fagots to fire.  
In Hunting Grounds Happy at sunrise we roam.  
Rejoice as we burn on our funeral pyre,  
But think of Chief Mohok and grant one desire.  
As sweet as the stuff in the clear honeycomb  
My wife is; spare insults; no more I require  
In heed of my rank for the queen of my home."

He kindles the fuel; it bursts into flame.  
He leaps to her side; smoke and fire round them rise.  
With quivers of triumph he played the bold game,  
And reached the denouement dramatic with shame;  
But life was her stake and sweet love was her prize.  
"Multnomah! Multnomah!" They thundered his name.  
Reverberant thunders came back from the skies.

With resin and pitch the flames crackle and roar,  
But willing hands snatch from the red conflagration  
The king and the consort. A jubilant corps  
Of damsels, forgetting the hatred of yore,  
Begins the gay wedding dance. Glee, animation,  
Good feeling relations of friendship restore.  
The torture rite turns to a queen's coronation.

Sweet Snomish is paired with Soosoon in the dance.  
The throbs of the tamtams and songs rise to madness.  
She feels the warm rake of his amorous glance;  
She trembles with rapture, with ecstasy pants;  
Her soul levitates in the aether of gladness.  
Yet a quaver of discord in every strain rants,  
Somewhere in her heart is a cavern of sadness.

By some sudden shift of dance legerdemain  
As partners are parted sweet Snomish becomes  
The foil of Multnomah. Her blood sings. A pain  
Of pleasure dilates eyes and nostrils. A strain  
Of melody over her heart strings runs—thrums.  
Soosoon has Tum Rusa; and Snomish, insane  
With passion, to fierce jealous anger succumbs.

She burst from the giddy revolvings and fled.  
Tum Rusa the violent parting espied  
And followed. The fugitive halted and said:  
"I hate you!" The heart of the gentle queen bled  
With pity. "I love you!" she mildly replied.  
And down on her shoulder she drew the proud head,  
And kissed the sweet face till it stared, dewy-eyed.

Soosoon and Multnomah drew near. The quartette  
Had nothing to say and they silently said it.  
The shame-reddened Snomish, a spoiled, humored pet,  
Yoked in with Soosoon, and each happy duette  
Came back to the dance with a kiss to its credit.  
And Snomish behaved as an artless coquette,  
And mad whirled the vortex of joy, for she led it.

Soosoon left his sweetheart at home at sunrise.  
 He held by her fingers. She raised on tiptoes.  
 "Soosoon! when night settles, your foolish girl hies  
 Herself to the Bridge of the Gods." Her dark eyes  
 Were tear damp. "You still want your love, I suppose.  
 I go there to wed or—to—die!" He replies:  
 "Wherever goes Snomish, Soosoon with her goes."

Requite such devotion! She clung to his hands.  
 She drew him inside. His hopes soared to the sky.  
 "At twilight we meet where the stunted fir stands  
 And waves to the glorious scene that expands  
 Embracing the Oregon—marry—or—die!  
 I love you; but Impulse my actions commands,  
 But meet me there! Greet me there! Kiss me! Good-bye!"

At noon in the woods she was singing and combing  
 The long lustrous locks of her wonderful hair.  
 At sunset the Oregon neath her was foaming.  
 At dusk on the Bridge of the Gods she was roaming!  
 And nearing the keystone, flushed, dreamy, scared, fair.  
 She came to the cloud-cutting crest at the gloaming,  
 And found whom she knew she would find waiting there.

She tried to discourage, by mien cold and sour,  
 An amorous meeting, but Passion defies  
 The will of a woman and vain human power.  
 Her bosom is pressed to his breast, and a shower  
 Of kisses he rains on her throat, lips, and eyes.  
 If Youth is her realm, health and beauty her dower,  
 The soul of a maiden for such greeting sighs.

Her rosy lips pout in a ripe inflorescence,  
 Her face overshadows with petulant frowns;  
 But bursts into bloom with auroral rubescence  
 As love from her sweet mouth extracts joy's quintessence;  
 Caressing the cup of her ecstasy crowns.  
 She quivers with bliss in the warm coalescence;  
 And Anger in oceans of happiness drowns.

Perforce they reluctantly rouse from their trance  
 And pause after while on the horrible verge.  
 She flashed from her orbs a keen questioning glance,  
 Encountered his gaze by a lucky mischance,  
 And saw his proud hopes from despondence emerge.  
 "One kiss! O!" She trembles, sighs, nestles, sobs, pants.  
 "Our grave is prepared in the hurrying surge."

"One kiss! Yes! And when it is finished, farewell!"  
A thrill seemed to quiver the universe through.  
His tone did not sound to her heart like a knell,  
But soothed ears and soul with a somnolent spell.  
He kissed her. Ay, many times! More than she knew.  
Each kiss told a tale that his tongue could not tell.  
A part of the kiss would forever be due.

Her head slowly sank to repose on his breast.  
Her tresses around her form shimmering curled.  
An eagle soared by, floating home to his nest.  
King Light, in magnificent panoply dressed,  
Had vanished, and soon his gay flags would be furled.  
Cool shadows in skirmish line throng to the west.  
King Night is usurping the throne of the world.

The amethyst flames imperceptibly sink  
To sapphire, and die, on the western horizon.  
The lovers stand gazing in awe on the brink  
From which he bold eagle might shudderingly shrink.  
A lovelier landscape could never more rise on  
A mortal ken; yet, the glad thoughts which they think  
Are fair as this scene which they feast their four eyes on.

The wind was a bath of elixir of balm,  
Delectable unction for body and soul.  
The voices of nature were hushed, but a psalm  
Of dulcet harmonics was harped by the calm.  
Sublimity read on the scene like a scroll.  
Great Spirit! Your Lodge is this sky-walled Wigwam;  
Your torches, the stars of the infinite pole.

But Snomish was troubled. She faltered: "Behold!  
The path to the Hunting Grounds Happy grows dim.  
Their glories are fadeless; their joys, manifold;  
Their women are constant; their men of war bold;  
The trail is well trod; we are lusty of limb;  
Their summers are soft, and their winters not cold;  
Soosoon goes this eve, and goes Snomish with him."

"Ah, sweet, I am sentry," he answered. His tone  
Will ring in her heart till it moulders in dust.  
"My going I deeply regret to postpone;  
You must go alone, love, to bed, love, alone!  
The post I will keep as you sleep—Girl, you must!  
Great Spirit! a Dream send express from the throne!  
I must not betray, jot or tittle, a trust."

Together they gazed from the grand mirador;  
 Together they feasted on juicy broiled venison.  
 Together they tarried the skies to explore;  
 Together, O, heaven! Wish not one joy more.  
 Together! One being! Earth's happiest denizen.  
 Together in spirit-sung song they outpour,  
 Together their souls for a rapturous benison.

Before she arrived, in the lodge he had spread  
 The robes of her couch. Now he bears her inside.  
 She pouts, sulks, and frowns; down he puts her in bed.  
 His kiss she refuses; goodnights are unsaid.  
 He hurries away, his amusement to hide.  
 Alone, in the Bower of Hymen! Unshed  
 But shallow tears swell in the eyes of the bride.

She quenches the brands in the ashes. She rips  
 Her garments in rage from her beautiful form.  
 Her heart beats in thunder. Arch Mischief equips  
 Her spirit with courage. She viciously whips  
 The curtain aside and bounds into his warm  
 Embraces. Arms girdle her shoulders and hips,  
 And shame pours upon her a withering storm.

"How balmy!" she whispered. "I can not get cold, love.  
 The gloom is my mantle and fits like the skin, dear.  
 My blemishes no mortal eye can behold, love.  
 I feel so embarrassed! so brassy! so bold, love!  
 This dress is so—how can I tell you?—so thin, dear!  
 But blood leaps today and tomorrow is mould, love.  
 Immodesty sprang from the matrix, my twin, dear.

"A sentry must—kiss me!—keep watch, I suppose.  
 But brides are not—squeeze me!—sent virgins to sleep.  
 When Snomish goes—spank me!—Soosoon with her goes.  
 You bring me my—pinch me!—my couch or my clothes.  
 Together—caress me!—the vigils we keep.  
 Are grooms not—embrace me!—more valiant than beaux?  
 I love you, with soundless love, deep as the deep!"

This tale wore the hallmarks of vague superstition,  
 And may have come down through a long chiliasm,  
 When Lewis and Clark made their great expedition.  
 One version asserts that the twain foiled ambition  
 By hurling their forms from the brink of the chasm.  
 But Love in that lonely, romantic position  
 Made Eden of Earth in a virgin orgasm.



Third Canto  
OF  
"Snomish and Soosoon"

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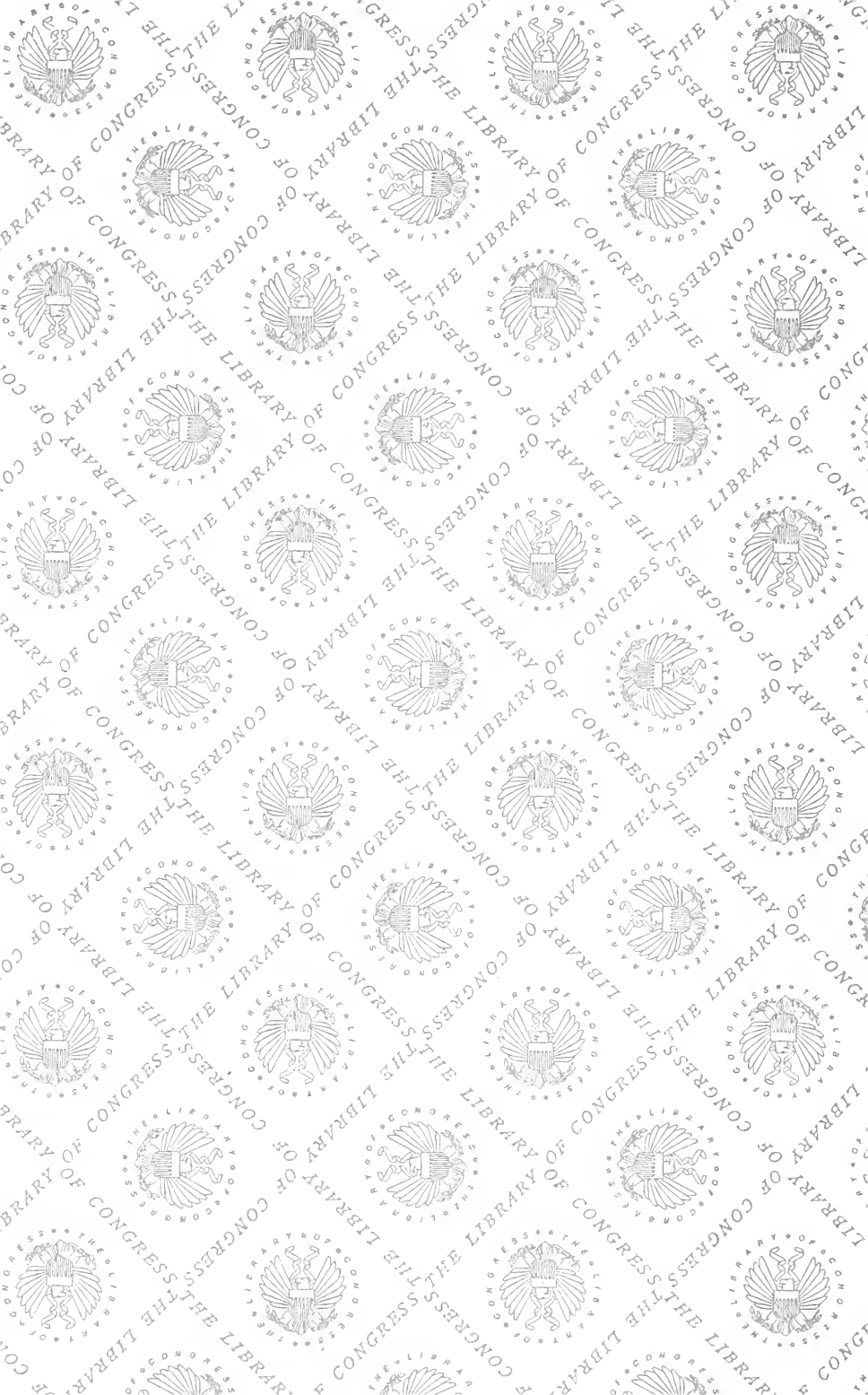
"Woman and Human"

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